

# THE GRAIL



# The Grail

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## IN THIS ISSUE

War is Hell .....	<i>Don Hall</i>	81
The Pack-Peddler .....	<i>Leila Maude Stewart</i>	82
The Quest for Truth .....	<i>Richard Felix, O.S.B.</i>	85
A New Recruit .....	<i>Hattie M. Butler</i>	86
The Holy Rule of St. Benedict .....		89
Jehovah's Witnesses a Subversive Menace .	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	90
The Gentleman Desires Peace ....	<i>Quentin Morrow Phillip</i>	92
Voice in the Desert .....	<i>Paul Wilhelm</i>	96
Wisdom by Another Name .....	<i>Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.</i>	98
The Curious Anomalies of Modernity .....		
	<i>Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B.</i>	99
Fingers in the Sun .....	<i>Mary Lanigan Healy</i>	101
Laugh and Taste Victory .....	<i>Angela Burton</i>	103
Gospel Movies .....	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	104
Dilapidation .....	<i>Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.</i>	105
Swiss University Sanatorium .....		106
The Machine—Friend or Foe .....	<i>Theodore Heck, O.S.B.</i>	109
Let's Browse Around .....	<i>Marie H. Doyle</i>	110
Meditorials .....	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	112

## THE GRAIL

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# WAR IS HELL

Don Hall

FOR the past months the writer has been observing the psychological trend in America towards war. The effects of viciously spread propaganda extend from Maine to Mississippi, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, from booming industrial cities to sleepy hamlets. Everywhere, everybody is talking war. People who heretofore firmly believed in our Nation pursuing a policy of non-intervention and strict neutrality now are convinced that once again America must salvage the democratic ideals from beneath the ruthless feet of the war lords.

Sometime ago, keeping in mind the ultimate possibilities which a state of bellicosity might inflict upon ourselves and upon the entire world, we interviewed an American world war veteran and professional writer. Because this particular man was well educated and had driven ammunition trucks for the 32nd division of the Argonne forest sector we believed that he was well qualified to speak with some authority on the war.

"My son," the veteran began slowly, "not since '17 have I spoken to anyone about the privations, the utter desolation, and the almost unbearable grief which war brings. For some reason I have dreaded to reminisce—been afraid to remember—for in so doing I seem to re-live all of those endless days and nights on the battlefield. But now, as I see public opinion once again being



swayed towards war I must speak and speak I shall, even though it may hurt. I won't spare my punches for the most descriptive of adjectives are pitifully inadequate to depict the horror which I had the opportunity to see.

"Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you everything. I'll tell you how wars are coldly and deliberately planned, how man is pitted against man in bloody combat, how mechanized units are invented solely for the purpose of waging war. Of course I have only seen the 1917 style of fighting and the modern type must be ten times as bad. But I have experienced enough of this grim, cold, inhuman warfare to last me as long as I live.

"Why I saw my best friend, my buddy, shot before my very eyes. I saw him, maimed and dying, crawling through pools of blood trying to reach my side. And when he finally failed he collapsed in a lifeless heap. His arm, which a few hours before had encircled me in companionship, now waved grotes-

quely on a barb-wire fence—his voice which so often comforted me in my despair was drowned in the chaos of the battle—his generous heart which had loved me as only buddies can love had ceased to beat. That's war, my boy, that's war!

"I have seen American soldiers gaze fearlessly into the sky at a fleet of enemy airplanes—heard the detonating sound of exploding bombs—then the steady rat-a-tat-tat

of the machine guns. Innocent peasants and civilians had death rained upon them from above. Their tiny homes which they had struggled to build and maintain throughout the years were swept away by the flood of war. Like a great wave, armies moved across the most beautiful land and scenery in the world, making hell which before had been heaven, and finally leaving desolation, destruction, and death in their wake.

"Over the top—no man's land—the piercing and horrifying whine of bullets—men gone mad with the lust to kill—hand to hand combat with bayonets—dead lying everywhere—arms, heads, legs spread to the horizon—and then the ambulance sirens piercing the death-pitched air. To the Field Hospitals, General Hospitals, and perhaps even the Veterans Hospitals. Insanity, disease, men broken in body and in spirit. Yes, I've seen all this and much more. And even now, twenty five years later I fail to see any



sense whatsoever in it. Ask the wives and sweethearts of our American soldiers—they can tell you tales that will draw your heart strings together. For they suffered as much as we did and even more. That's war, my boy, that's war!

"Where in all this gore, this murder, can one see the hand of the

Lord? Has He at last forsaken a world which long ago disregarded Him? No! He is there—He looks down upon every battle, even though the war clouds are constantly threatening to shut off His view. The bravery of soldiers, the fortitude of women, the small degree of realization among humanity all show

that He is still in the midst of everything with us. His power and influence must permeate every home, every nation, every battlefield in the world today. Men will continue to fight, nations will continue to be destroyed until everyone realizes just what the world is and why he is living upon it."

## THE PACK-PEDDLER

*Leila Maude Stewart*

**D**URING the days when the telephone and automobile were still novelties, and the village merchants carried only the bare necessities of life, the pack-peddler was the country housewife's best friend. She welcomed the calls of these traveling merchants, coming straight from the heart of the big cities, for she could buy anything from them, from a paper of pins to a damask tablecloth.

One of these peddlers, a small, frail-looking Persian named Thonga, was a favorite throughout the country, for he understood the great love, the real desire the women had for the beautiful, soft materials with which to adorn their homes, and he carried that kind of merchandise in his pack.

"My lands, Thonga," gasped Mrs. Kennedy when she saw the small peddler trudging up the front walk one day just after an April shower, "do put down that heavy pack and come in for a piece of cake and a glass of milk."

"Yes, Thonga," said Mr. Kennedy with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "it's about time you were getting along. The womenfolks can't get a mite of housecleaning done until they find out the color of curtains the houses are wearing this year."

Jonathan, the small son of Delah the colored cook, gave a "Whoop" and curled up at Thonga's feet, his big eyes shining in joyous expectation, for he knew hidden somewhere in that big pack was a bright new toy just for him.

To Thonga, the Kennedy family represented all the fine things that America stands for, and he made a

special effort every year to spend the night there.

"It's worth carrying the heavy pack all the way from the city, Chris," he would say to his brother who kept the store in the city, "just to spend a little while with those fine, kind-hearted people, for no-

where else in the world is a man treated so much like a man."

The next year he didn't make his usual trip through the country, for his brother, Chris, went back to their homeland to visit their parents, and Thonga had to stay in the store in the city. But the following spring he filled his pack, including many pieces of his mother's beautiful handwork which she had woven on her big loom—pieces of fine linens and laces, resembling fleecy clouds and delicate cobwebs, and set out on his long journey west.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived at the village inn, two miles from the Kennedy home, and he stopped to rest awhile and chat with the innkeeper. He whistled a gay tune as he resumed his journey, for he was happy at the thought of the pleasant evening ahead. He was almost in sight of the farmhouse—only a small grove of willow trees hid it from view—when suddenly his pack felt light; his ears sang; the bright sunlight turned into darkness, and he lay a crumpled, bleeding form by the roadside. His pockets were turned inside out; his shiny pack was gone.

Crooks, overhearing him tell the innkeeper he would stop at the Kennedy house, had hurried out to the willow trees and lain in wait, for they knew these pack-peddlers carried their money with them.

Jonathan and his schoolmates skipping home from school stumbled over the unconscious man. "It's Mistah Thonga," sobbed Jonathan, "he's daid as daid can be!" He ran screaming and crying to Delah.

"Ring the bell for the menfolks,



As You Sow



Dellah," called Mrs. Kennedy as she ran up the road followed by the frightened Jonathan.

They finally brought the small man back to life, but the days stretched into weeks before he was able to make the long trip back to the city. He didn't care for the loss of his pack, or the money, but he grieved because he had lost the pieces of linens and laces his mother had woven, for they were worth more than money to him. He had intended giving them to the Kennedy family to repay them, in part, for their kindness to him. Now he had no way to pay them, for they refused the money Chris sent.

"Land sakes, Thonga," said Mrs. Kennedy, "how you do carry on about a little bit of help. Can't a body do a kind deed once in his life without turning the whole world upside down?"

Thonga laughed, but he remembered the words and the real friendship that went with them.

Chris refused to allow him to make any more trips to the country. "You stay in the store now, Thonga," he said; "it's big enough for both of us." And the years flew by, the World War was over, and the depression had hit the world with a bang before Thonga had a chance to leave the store long enough to take a real vacation, for he and Chris had prospered well beyond their fondest dreams and their work had been heavy.

"It's the country, the trees and my good friends, the Kennedys, I want to see now, Chris," he said, for the spring brought the memory of all these things back to him.

At first Chris tried to dissuade him, but when he saw how much it meant to Thonga, he shook his head. "You go see your friends, Thonga, but do not grieve if they are not there. It has been a long time."

And Thonga went back. But this time he carried no pack. He rode in the Pullman car and drank in the beauty of the country as he passed through.

His pulses were throbbing when the train pulled into the village, and except for filling stations, automobiles and paved roads, there were few changes. Thonga was glad. He

left his bag at the station and walked down the familiar road. He passed the grove of willow trees and looked eagerly at the farmhouse, but the sight that greeted him turned his small body numb with grief; hot tears stung his eyes. Chris had been right. He should have stayed away and remembered.

For instead of the gleaming white house that always seemed to defy the dust with its freshness, there stood a battered, unpainted structure; the roof crinkley and patched; the shutters sagging. The big barn had a westward lean in its effort to hold itself up; the picket fence was half gone.

Thonga approached with halting steps, his beautiful world of memories crumbling about him. He sat down on the sagging front steps and read "For Sale" on the sign tacked to the maple tree. Then he buried his face in his hands and the tears fell.

"Do you all wants to look ovah de fawn?" A voice drawled at his elbow.

Thonga shook his head. He didn't want to look at anything, or at anybody. His heart was too full.

"Is you all hungry?" The voice persisted.

"No, no," said Thonga. He wiped his eyes and looked up into the big, round eyes of a tall, gangling darkey.

The black face suddenly smiled all over. "Mistah Thonga," yelled the darkey. "Well, bless mah soul, if it ain't Mistah Thonga!"

"Jonathan, Jonathan," cried Thonga, shaking the grinning darkey, "my, my I'm glad to see you! Come sit down. Tell me," he pointed to the house, "have they gone on?"

"Yessuh," grinned Jonathan, "dey is gone on-down to stay wif' der son Sammy 'til aftah de sale—den I dun-no whar dey is goin'."

A great weight lifted from Thonga's heart. "What happened, Jonathan? Tell me?"

"Well," said Jonathan, scratching his head, "der ain't much to tells you, Mistah Thonga, 'cept dey jest had a lot ob bad luck, Maw says 'tis. Fust der son Johnny was killed in the wah; den Sammy went an' he got all gassed up; den Mistah Kennedy, he tuck sick, an' mah Paw died."

"Johnny and Jake dead?" Thonga could hardly believe it.

"Uh huh," said Jonathan, "an' de hogs dey kep' dyin', an' den Mistah Kennedy, he dun puts a mawgaze on de fawn, an' it is goin' to be sold next Saturday."

"I see," said Thonga. He also saw the tears Jonathan was trying to fight back, and he knew his grief was great, for this had been the only home the boy, really a man now, had ever known. His grandmother had been a slave in the Kennedy family in Civil War days; his mother, Dellah, had stayed in the family, and Jonathan had been born in the farmhouse. Thonga could see the hurt shining through the big eyes.

Then his heart pulsed in his throat. He knew now why he had



come; knew why he'd brought the roll of bills. Never had he had the slightest intention of buying a farm, or of making any other investment for himself with that money. It was for this he had come.

He jumped up. "Come on, Jonathan," he cried as he ran down to the front gate.

"Whar you all goin', Mistah Thonga?" Jonathan yelled, running after him.

"We're going down to the bank and pay off that mortgage. Hurry!"

Jonathan's eyes looked like saucers. "We is, is we? Why, Mistah Thonga, ah ain't got a red dime," and he turned his pockets inside out to prove his statement.

Thonga laughed a gay laugh. It was easy to laugh now. "Don't worry about that, Jonathan," he said consolingly. "You just go along as a witness. Both are important."

Jonathan gaped. "Is dat so? Well, den come on, Mistah Thonga," he shouted, "we jest 'bout got time to make it befo' de bank closes," and his long legs carried him way past Thonga.

It was ten minutes until closing time when a frail-looking little man and a tall, gangling darkey plunged through the screen-door of the Holden County Bank. Mr. Hawkins, the president, looked up in surprise. He had known Jonathan always, but never had he known him to register so much speed.

"Why, Jonathan," he asked, "what's wrong?"

"We-we, Mistah Thonga an' me, we wants to pay ob dat mawgage," puffed Jonathan.

A look of relief passed over the kind face of Mr. Hawkins. "You don't mean you really intend to pay the Kennedy mortgage, do you Jonathan?" He asked hopefully.

"Yessuh, yessuh," said Jonathan. Thonga pulled out his wallet.

"How much?" He asked.

When they left the bank, Jonathan was clutching the mortgage tightly in his right hand. Mr. Hawkins followed them to the door. "I'm glad you boys came in," he said. "Foreclosing on the old folks farm was going to be about the hardest thing I'd ever had to do."

"Yessuh," said Jonathan. His face looked like a moonbeam.

The rest of the week was the busiest the Holden countryside ever experienced. It resembled an old-fashioned sewing-bee and house-raising combined, for the news spread rapidly, and the neighbors flocked in to do their bit in making the home-coming a grand one. All the work, except the painting of the house and barn, and the putting on of new roofs, was done by the neighbors, Dellah, Jonathan, and Thonga.

They built a new picket fence, repaired the rail fences in the fields, mowed the orchard and whitewashed the trees. After the painters and carpenters had done with their work, they papered the two front rooms. When they had finished, the old house was rejuvenated throughout. Both it and the countryside seemed to have come alive—to live again!

Saturday dawned clear and warm, and everybody was jubilant for they'd planned a picnic dinner in the orchard, and rain would have spoiled their plans.

Jonathan and Thonga took turn about watching the road for the return of the two people they all loved. Mrs. Clifton sat close to the organ to play the welcoming home song. The neighbors, laden with heavy baskets, were already in the orchard.

About twelve o'clock, the old people, aware of nothing but their great sorrow as they crept along in their rickety, one-seated buggy, came slowly around the willow trees and down the road.

"Let's not hurry, David," said Mrs. Kennedy. "I-I don't want to see people pawing over my things until I just have to."

He nodded in understanding, for he felt the same way. "It's strange," he said, "we've done the best we could. Things just happen this way, I guess."

Mrs. Kennedy patted his knee. "We'll get along somehow, David." They were almost at the front gate before they raised their heads to look at the house that held so much of their love—their sorrow.

"Look, David! Look!" gasped Mrs. Kennedy. The sweep of her arm took in the entire farm.

"Whoa!" yelled Mr. Kennedy in excitement, pulling in the reins. "Whoa!"

They sat still, enraptured by the beauty of the place, then Mr. Kennedy cleared his throat loudly. "Mr. Hawkins has done a fine job of fixing up the old place, Mother. It ought to bring a better price now."

They climbed out of the sagging buggy, reluctantly, and stood looking over the new picket fence. "Looks like the Promised Land!" said Mr. Kennedy with a wry smile.

"Dey is heah, Mis' Clifton! Dey is heah!" Jonathan shouted, and out of the house ran Thonga, his quick step belying his years.

"Thonga, Thonga," they cried in astonishment, trying to squeeze through the gate at the same time. They went up the cobblestone walk laughing and crying.

Mrs. Clifton pumped the wheezy organ with all the might of her two hundred pounds, and sang "Welcome Home, Welcome Home, Oh, Glory To God, Welcome Home," in her high, shrill voice.

"Welcome home, honey chile," said Dellah, wiping away the happy tears.

"Not home for long now, Dellah," said Mrs. Kennedy, and she looked hungrily inside the shining rooms.

"Tis too, Mis' Kennedy," said Jonathan, jumping up and down. "Tis too, for Mistah Thonga an' me, we dun paid ob dat mawgage at de bank," and he shoved the now badly soiled piece of paper into Mr. Kennedy's hands.

Then they both looked at Thonga and they knew. Mr. Kennedy tried to speak, but his voice failed him, and he sat down.

"Thonga," said Mrs. Kennedy, laying her hand gently on his arm, "it was you, Thonga, but we can't take it. We can't. You've worked too hard for your money, and you don't owe us anything. We—"

Thonga remembered the words Mrs. Kennedy had spoken years ago when he'd tried to pay them for saving his life; to pay them for the weeks of care they had given him so willingly, and his brown eyes twinkled.

"Land's sakes, Mrs. Kennedy," he said, "how you do carry on about a little bit of help. Can't a body do a kind deed once in his life without turning the whole world upside down?"

# The QUEST for TRUTH

*Richard Felix, O.S.B.*

Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo.

Was not Luther the first to translate the Bible into a modern language?

From a literary standpoint Luther's version of the Bible into German was truly a masterpiece. In this respect it stands on a par with the English version of King James, which version is a masterpiece of English composition. But both of these versions, each in its own way, often sacrifice correctness of translation for beauty of expression, and therein lies our quarrel with them. Luther's translation of the New Testament was published in 1522, his translation of the Old Testament in 1534. Catholics published fourteen complete editions of the Bible in High German and five complete editions in Low German before 1522, some of these editions antedating Luther's translation by fifty years. For proof of this statement, read Janssen's History of the German People, a recognized authority on this subject.

Notre Dame University has a complete copy of a Catholic Bible in German published in the year of Luther's birth. The Josephinum Seminary at Worthington, Ohio, also possesses a complete copy of the same (Koburger) Bible of 1483. The Congressional Library at Washington has a "Mazarian Bible" printed in German by Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press, three years before Luther was born. Here we have three Catholic editions of the Bible in German all made before Luther's time, as any one may verify for himself.

What sins can be forgiven in confession?

All sins committed after Baptism may be forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance. Sincere sorrow for the sins committed, faithful confession of the same, and a firm resolution not to fall into them again, are the three conditions necessary for absolution. Given these conditions, there is no sin, however great or grievous, that may not be pardoned in the Sacrament of Penance. All sins made known in Confession are buried there. Under no circumstances, even at the price of life itself, is the

priest ever allowed to reveal or make use of anything that has come to his knowledge through Confession. This is known as the Seal of Confession.

More than one serious student outside the Church is beginning to see what a priceless treasure was thrown away when the reformers of the sixteenth century rejected the Catholic idea of Confession. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, noted Congregationalist minister, has this to say: "The church is looked upon as a place to go, to hear someone. But people want something more than preaching. They want comfort and courage and the help that does not come to them when it is handed out wholesale. The Confessional of the Roman Church is a recognition of a human craving so deep and eternal, that it is a bewildering thing to see how it has been ignored by the Protestant Church, which has emphasized preaching above pity, and the pulpit above the person" (Atlantic Monthly, Jan. 1922).

\* \* \*

What does the Catholic Church teach regarding the angels?

The Angels were the first citizens of Heaven. Unlike the Saints, the Angels never lived in this world or possessed material bodies. They were created pure spirits, intellectual beings, distinct from God and by nature of higher dignity than man. Their number is told in the millions. Christ Himself spoke of legions of them. According to their dignity and nearness to God, the Angels are divided into nine choirs: namely, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; the Dominations, Virtues, and Powers; the Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. Each of these choirs comprises probably millions.

Upon creation, none of the Angels were admitted at once to the presence of God, but all were put to a test to prove their worthiness of Heaven. The nature of this test has not been revealed to us. It is the common opinion of theologians, however, that God made known to the Angels that the Second Person of

the Blessed Trinity would one day become man, and in the flesh redeem a creature of lesser dignity than they, and thus make it possible for man to attain Heaven. Many of the Angels, with Lucifer at their head, rebelled against God, refused to believe and obey, and were banished eternally from Heaven. "God spared not the Angels that sinned, but delivered them unto torments" (2 Petr. 2: 4). Thus, we have the origin of Hell. Out of envy lest man should acquire the place that they had forfeited in Heaven, these evil spirits seek to draw man away from God and bring about his spiritual ruin. Their power, though, is limited to suggestion and temptation; they may never coerce the will of man.

Most of the Angels, however, were true to God in the test that He gave them and were admitted then into Heaven. Those good Angels make up the heavenly court and will spend eternity in the joy and glorification of God. God employs some of them as His messengers in the guidance and government of the world. To each man at birth is assigned a special Angel, called his Guardian Angel, whose duty it is to protect his charge throughout life, shield him from the snares of the spirits of evil, suggest good thoughts to him, offer his prayers and good works to the Almighty, protect him especially in the hour of death, and after death conduct his soul to the throne of the Most High for judgment. This sums up in brief the teaching of the Church concerning the Angels.

\* \* \*

What is meant by days of fast?

A fast day is one on which we are allowed to take but one full meal a day. In the early days of the Church the rules and regulations regarding days of fast were adhered to rigidly, but in more recent times, liberal provision has been made for those who are employed at hard work. Days of fast also find ample justification in the Scriptures. St. Paul speaks often of his fastings, and our Lord commended this salutary practice on more than one occasion (e. g. Mark 2:18; Matt. 6:16).



# A New Recruit

Hallie M. Butler

I AM a convert to the Catholic Church, a recruit in Christ's army.

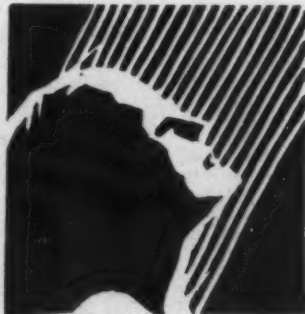
But it was not easy for me to give up all the strange prejudices, beliefs and misconceptions which I had been drilled to accept so unhesitatingly, though no one had vouchsafed to prove why such things should be considered true.

My mother died on the verge of becoming a Christian Scientist when I was scarcely three years old. My father, a good man, taught me to recite "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep..." although I have never seen him enter the Baptist Church, in which he received his religious instruction. My step-mother is a Methodist—that is, she sent my sister and me to Sunday School for a while—but she too has long since ceased to practice actively any religion. As a matter of fact she rather discouraged us from throwing ourselves too wholeheartedly into the Methodist Epworth League affairs.

"Religion is all right in its place," she would say, "but a Church will take up all of your time if you let it."

I went through high school in the typically modern, over-gay, heedless fashion. For religion I substituted socials and swims and the good looking boys I met at the Epworth Institute. After graduation I registered at the University of California, and I was totally unprepared for what I met there. California prides itself on being the most liberal university in the West; atheism and materialism are taught openly as the most natural thing in the world; Communism is the accepted political philosophy; immorality, while frowned upon as vulgar, is commonplace.

In search of solace, of some defence, I went to Epworth League a number of times. I was urged to join the church quite often, but soon growing weary of the



good leaguers' attempts to "convert me," I prepared to withdraw from Church activities altogether. And why not, I argued. How can one become "broadened" or enjoy college life when

plagued by silly and unreasoning demands?

"Dances are sinful," they droned. "Playing cards is gambling and therefore a sin. Smoking is a sin; Christ never smoked. Vulgarly is a grievous sin: did Christ use vulgarity?" Good heavens, must a person do nothing but go to church? But why are these things sins? What is wrong about them? What is a sin? I was unable to get a satisfactory answer. Once I asked an outstanding girl leader why dancing was considered sinful. I told her I *liked* to dance. She replied it was not so much the dancing, the actual moving of the feet, which is wrong, but rather the occasions that *always* (How she emphasized that!) accompany dancing—petting, drinking, evil talk. Also the proximity of two bodies combined with soft lights and seductive music aroused the imagination. When she saw I was unconvinced, she changed her approach.

"The way I look at it, dear," she patronized, "is that I try to be prepared at all times for the coming of the Lord. And I am sure none of us would feel comfortable if He were to appear to us when we were dancing to the strains of some jazz band." At that point I walked away. I usually look my best when I go dancing. Why should I fear God's coming then—He allowed me to go, didn't He? Besides I could think of many things even my righteous friend does without considering them sinful, which I would less prefer to have our Lord find me doing. Things like washing my teeth, sleeping with my hair up in wire-curlers, cold-creaming my face to remove makeup. My objections were scoffed at, not explained. The emphasis on ex-

ternals, the hypocrisy disgusted me. I chose dancing to the cold unreasoning God *they* offered me.

Sometimes at night my mind would torture me, telling me, "You are very bad—you never go to church." But I'd say: "Look at all who do not go to church." Or, "Look at all the people who *do* go to church, yet when they are away from it, lie and steal and commit fornication." I did none of those things. I did not go to church, but I was not evil.

Although I felt the need of a religion of some kind, I could not accept, as God-sent, the petty sins which some ministers seemed to trump up in order to have something to tell their congregations. Of course I did not seek very hard, but the necessity of a universal, personal, true religion had not grasped me. I thought of my God as a "good Egg," a nice person, Who, so long as we were not patently evil, would "string along with us." In fact, I secretly thought Him an Easymark.

I met my first Catholic in the house in which I stayed while attending U. of C. Once while "cramming" for final examinations, she advised that prayer could really work miracles—that you did not have to pray just for big things, but that God is happy to have you put your trust in Him even for such things as "finals." I tried to pray but couldn't. The only prayer I knew was "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep..." and somehow that didn't seem to fit the occasion. I questioned my friend but she evaded a direct answer. However, when she suggested that I go to Mass with her, I did so. It was a beautiful ceremony, but did not impress me. I read the pamphlet she purchased for me, but it was so far beyond me, so incomprehensible I easily forgot it. But that girl's faith in prayer, even though she herself was not a very good girl, remained with me.

Nevertheless, I was fast assuming the typical modern attitude of negligence, so often mistaken for broad-mindedness. I was becoming hardened to things that went on at school, which were looked upon askance even by the unreligious. I still believed in a God of some sort, but my idea of Him was a dis-

torted concept of mercy and goodness; I tried not to remember He is also all-Just. I was having "fun"; I liked the quasi-sophisticated attitude of my acquaintances; I liked the independence and frivolity.

But with it all, I was never extremely happy, never very exhilarated. I did not know where I was going or where my life was leading me. Sometimes I wondered what caused the growing emptiness that was coming over me, and at those times I suspected it was a vague yearning for something spiritual. I knew I was not making the slightest effort to absorb what they were trying to teach me at the university, but perhaps it was just as well.

During vacations I visited at home briefly and then hastened to the home of a friend; the small-town life my parents enjoyed bored me. However, in the summer of 1938, I returned home for a short stay prior to accepting a position in Southern California. I was offered a good-paying job, which I took while awaiting a call for the other one. I knew I'd have no fun, but Dad's peach crop was not so good, and every dollar counted.

Fortunately, one of the boys in the office took me out several times. He was from San Francisco, and incidentally was quite entertaining. Oddly enough, he happened to be a Catholic. Catholics had always interested me, since my first meeting with one of them, but the two Catholic boys in the office (they were close friends) intrigued me. I found I was again and again examining them, the things they said and did, waiting for the "dreadful" Catholic influence to assert itself.

What makes these boys different I asked myself?

Both had good personalities—but many non-Catholic boys have winning ways. They were clean, inside and out—but so are dozens of other boys. They respected girls; this was unusual in boys I had met. They were not prudes—both enjoyed dancing, smoked continuously, preferred Scotch and Soda. Wherein did they differ from other boys?

One night Jack and I were quite casually discussing Communism and its possible results. I



THE GRAIL

think he secretly considered me a "fellow-traveler."

"I don't admire their methods, although the theory behind them may be all right," I ventured, not knowing a great deal about it.

"Jack came back quickly. "How can people distinguish right from wrong when they don't believe in God?"

This remark astounded me. I think it was the first time I had ever heard a young man speak so frankly, so unafraid. All of the boys at school assiduously avoided such remarks, or refused to think about the importance of the existence of God. This was a striking example of what had attracted me in Catholics before. Now I knew what was bothering me—I was curious, thirsty for information. But all the criticisms I had heard about Catholics came back to me: "They are hypocritical, sacrilegious, illogical."

That statement of Jack's didn't seem to embody any of those things. On the contrary, it seemed to be a sensible, profound answer to the many problems that had been invading my mind. I had thought of all possible answers but the most vital one. God was the answer! How simple! God, the Creator and Redeemer!

And so from this awakening interest in God came an interest in the Catholic Church. Through Jack's explanations, I began to realize that the Catholic Church had the answers to the problems of the world. Her answers were logical, satisfying. They were not based on blind faith alone, and, so far as I was concerned, there was nothing at all spiritual about them. This Church was authoritative, strict, reasoning. But I could not understand how such a Church could believe in ethereal things like the Mass and the Sacraments. So many questions kept popping into my mind during the succeeding days, I thought I would burst.

Consequently, one night after a dance I asked Jack to tell me about the Catholic Church, to tell me why he thought it different from all others. He wasn't a bit timid about it. He obtained admissions from me as to a belief in God and proceeded from there. He proved and reproved, though, that God exists—he proved it by contingency, design, cause and effect. He explained by analogy the mystery of the Trinity; went on to the birth of Christ, the founding of a Church by Him, how Christ's own Church is the Catholic Church, how only the invincibly ignorant can be saved by remaining outside the Church of Rome. We argued, of course, but I was a willing student. I wanted to be convinced.

The utter simplicity of its complexities worried me. I considered myself intelligent but certainly not inspired. And the ease with which I compre-

hended worried me. I did see, though, why I had no desire to attend Methodist services. Christ is not in their church edifices, they are but elaborate, decorative meeting halls. Christ is no more there than in my own living-room, where a radio can bring me a better sermon, more tuneful church music, and, shame, no collection plate. Besides I could pray twice as well in more comfort. But in the Catholic churches Christ our Lord is actually present! He is present, although hidden under the appearances of bread and wine! I felt sure that Christ, a loving God, would want to come to us. Jack said He does, in Holy Communion. He wants us to come to Him, to pray to Him, to receive Him. This Church spoke with authority. Its doctrines were compelling, definite. They were not "willy-nilly." They commanded, yet appealed to me. I resolved then to investigate other Churches, to select the one I found to be most correct.

One noontime, after returning to the University, I was looking up a history reference, and stumbled upon a chapter about the preservation of culture, during the so-called Dark Ages, by the Church. I became so absorbed I continued reading until dinner-time. With this new interest in the Church's history, I began to read and absorb all I could find—not only of the Church's history, but about her practice and doctrine as well. I read treatises on the mysteries, book after book of apologetics, biographies of the saints, stories of conversions, such as "Now I See" and "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," many, many Paulist Press and Queen's Work pamphlets. And especially the New Testament. I learned to pray, to talk with God, but with the knowledge came fear—actual, physical fear of what my parents would say. For I well knew their biases and hatred for the Catholic Church!

I tried to tell them on a number of occasions but they would have none of it; thus I continued the reading that I knew must inevitably lead me to the Church. Finally, determined at last to seek instruction, I asked Jack for assistance. He introduced me to Father Joseph Burns, C.S.P., a young and fervent priest who surprised me by refusing my first request for Baptism. "You must be sure," he said. "The step you wish to take is the most important of your life." He encouraged me, allayed my fears about my parents' reactions, prayed for me. It was he, I am sure, who weeded out those few clinging biases, and the glorification of frivolity that remained with me.

After some fifteen weeks of instruction, I felt I knew my adopted religion rather well, yet something was lacking. I yearned to be a Catholic but something inexplicable, some uncanny barrier restrained me. Although I did not know it, grace was





# Jehovah's Witnesses a Subversive Menace

H. C. McGinnis

**J**EHOVAH'S witnesses are active all year round—contributions are just as agreeable to them in December as in July—but settled weather brings them out in swarms and the hotter the weather becomes, the more vituperative they get. Some of them are downright insulting when recipients of their unwelcome calls refuse to buy their printed attacks against everything decent, including all churches, American democracy, and Christian civilization in general, or to listen to their phonograph records against Catholicism. In fact, "Judge" Rutherford, chief prophet of the cult, announces a horrible end for anyone who refuses to accept their doctrines. Listen to what happens to one who opposes them: "Their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouth." A sort of living death, as 'twere.

The witnesses who knock unceasingly at American doors are martyrs, according to the "Judge." Says he: "Are these men and women engaged in a book-selling scheme for pecuniary profit? Most assuredly not! They work in their shops and fields to earn their bread. They live in a frugal manner and give all the time and money that they can spare to the preaching of the gospel of God's kingdom." If, as the "Judge" insists, these canvassers earn little, then it is because he doesn't believe the laborer is worthy of his hire and takes all but a pittance for his official organization. But when he says that all the "witnessing" is done in spare time, is it possible that he is so acquainted with his organization that he doesn't know that his part time workers are officially termed "publishers" and that full time workers are "Pioneers?" The fact of the matter is that the organization maintains around 50,000 active field workers.

When the "Judge" says all the witnesses live frugally for the

"cause," he is either badly hoodwinked or else is deliberately mishandling the truth. One recent witness canvasser that the writer knows about, rode in a big, chauffeur-driven car and was very well dressed, showing the pickings were pretty good in her district. However, the fine feathers didn't make a fine bird, for when she saw her visit was a failure, she called down maledictions from heaven with the enthusiastic vindictiveness to be expected from one claiming much less understanding of God's kindness.

The nuisance rating of the witnesses is always high, but right now they are more than a nuisance; they are a distinctly subversive force. Preaching doctrines which parallel Communism so closely in their main aspects that it is nearly impossible to tell whether one is listening to Reds or witnesses, they cover every nook and corner of the country, missing nothing in their fanatical zeal. They evidently don't like democracies, for in one of his publications the "Judge" says: "In that battle of the great day of God Almighty, democracies will not survive over Communistic governments, Nazism, monarchies, or imperialism. All forms of human government shall perish forever. Only the Theocracy will survive." ("The Theocracy" is to Jehovah's witnesses

what Marxism is to Communists.) A little further on, while still speaking of democracies and other existing forms of government, he quotes God as saying: "To hell with them." The "Judge" doesn't mention when and where God made this statement and one must admit it is distinctly different, both in word choice and style, from God's Biblical utterances.

However, it is not the writer's present purpose to set down here the scores and scores of possible quotations from Rutherford's books and tracts which state most definitely that Jehovah's witnesses are against government, religion, and commerce. Nor is it the purpose to outline their theology, much of which properly belongs in a joke book or some similar mirth-provoking publication. But due to the present national emergency, it is most imperative that attention should be called to their country-wide activities as creators of notional disunity, mainly through their attacks upon democracy and the Catholic Church.

The witnesses are surely intelligent enough to know that national unity is highly necessary at this time and that unity can not be gained through intolerance, hatred, and religious bigotry. But since they predict the fall of democracy, possibly they are doing their best to make that fall possible; for certainly they are doing nothing to prevent it. One of their chief aims seems to be to arouse a hatred against Catholics and the Church. After pages of ranting and raving against the totalitarians, Rutherford comes out with statements like this: "In the persecution of Jews and of Christians, and in the arbitrary rule, Hitler has had the unqualified support of the Catholic Hierarchy." In this statement, the "Judge" infers that the Church is interested in killing off its communicants, even though, according to him, the Catholic population exists only to be robbed by the Church. Evidently the "Judge" feels that Catholics



THE GRAIL

need a strong right arm such as his to protect them against the Church, for he says without blushing: "Jehovah's witnesses are the only real friends on earth of sincere and honest Catholics."

Deliberate lies like the following are potent weapons in the destruction of national unity by creating hatred of all Catholics by non-Catholics: "Today Hitler and Mussolini, the arbitrary dictators, threaten the peace of the whole world, and they are fully supported in their destruction of freedom by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, which fact is shown by the Catholic press today. The Communist dictator arbitrarily rules Russia, and that country has put up a wall against all witnesses for the kingdom of God. The Catholic press of America tries to induce people to believe that the Vatican is against Communism." Such statements do not require refutation, of course; but it is staggering to see how many ignorant and bigoted Americans accept these statements as gospel truth.

Space does not permit the quoting of scores of other utterances which state boldly that Catholics conspire with the pagan totalitarians to destroy American liberty and freedom. The truth and sanity of such statements can be weighed—even by a bigoted non-Catholic—by a glance at the following utterance in which Rutherford states with all solemnity that he is quoting Jesus Christ: "Woe unto you, Catholic clergy, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in . . . Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" . . . For this quotation, Rutherford cites St. Matthew 23: 13-35. The "Judge" must have a special Bible of his own writing, for a glimpse at the above reference shows plainly that Jesus was talking to the scribes and Pharisees and, strange to say, did not direct His remarks to a then non-existent Catholic clergy. How even the dumbest person can be induced to believe that the Savior's audiences contained Catholic clergymen is hard

to believe, yet hundreds of thousands of the ignorant roll this tasty castigation upon their tongues and smack their lips over its sweetness to what they want to believe. Any man who so deliberately misquotes the Scriptures can be depended upon to say almost anything, regardless of its sanity.

Rutherford uses queer reasoning. He tells the American people, for example, that since Japan excludes Jehovah's witnesses, that nation has Vatican support in its war against China. He gives no supporting reasons for his statement but, as usual, charges that any nation which has sense enough to ban his cult is in league with the Vatican for the commission of every crime in the book. Naturally, should America and Japan ever come to grips, millions of ignorant Americans would stand persuaded that Japan is backed by the Vatican and therefore by American Catholics in her fight against this country. National unity can not be maintained when this kind of malicious and pernicious propaganda is spread among the people.

Jehovah's witnesses resent the efforts of America's different faiths to have the nation turn to God for strength in this hour of trial. With sneering and sarcasm Rutherford charges the religious, political, and commercial elements in the nation with a vain cry of "Give us more religion," and then states authoritatively that since harassed peoples are turning to religion, they are turning against righteousness. One of his reasons for this statement is: "I insist that the clergy of the papal hierarchy represent the Devil and not Jehovah God." In other places he states that all Jewish and Protestant clergymen also represent His Satanic Majesty. When compared with Jehovah's witnesses, Communists are pitifully feeble in their attacks against all religions and faiths.

Rutherford presumably wants the American people to become pagan, for he says: "They must refuse to indulge in religion . . . Religion has never furnished protection or safety for human creatures at any time, because religion is a product of demons. Religion will end in the des-

truction of all who knowingly and willfully follow religion and the teachers thereof."

The cult's teachings are very discouraging to patriotic Americans, for Rutherford says: "From the Word of Jehovah I specifically answer the question 'Can the American government endure?' And that answer is emphatically, No!" Probably the "Judge" gets this answer from the same Bible from which he misquotes Jesus addressing an assemblage of Catholic priests. When it is realized that one of the "Judge's" pamphlets issued in 1940—from which some of the above quotations are taken—had a first printing of 10,000,000 copies, it can be seen easily how much harm the cult is doing these days.

However, Rutherford at other times poses as a great patriot, for he has done the nation what he thinks a favor in "discovering" that Catholic Action is America's Fifth Column. He further charges that "there are at least 10,000,000 Fifth Columnists in America and that 90% of these are under the absolute control of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy." Having made this ridiculous statement, he then attempts to arouse the hatred of all non-Catholics against American Catholics by stating that Catholic churches throughout the land are filled with arms and ammunition to be used against the government.

Is it any wonder that the United States government found it necessary to incarcerate "Judge" Rutherford in Atlanta Penitentiary during World War I? Then, as now, he did everything he could to defeat the intentions of the government and did his best to incite disobedience to the nation's call for defenders. Perhaps his stay in prison soured him, for his hundred or so books contain plenty of evidence that he has no use for the United States government or anything it does. Americans need expect no cooperation from Jehovah's witnesses during the present emergency unless they are willing to abolish their government and replace it with "Judge" Rutherford's Theocracy.

Evidently Atlanta didn't succeed in teaching the "Judge" the error of his ways.



# The Gentleman *desires* Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

## CHAPTER XII

### FRIDAY MORNING!

A few minutes before seven o'clock Martha received a telephone call from Baxter in which he asked her to go with him to the eight o'clock Mass at St. Sylvester's Church. He explained briefly that this day would tell whether the publicity he attracted would hurt his professional standing, or whether the ill, the diseased and the dying would continue to seek him as in the past. Friday, like Monday, had always been a day on which his office was severely crowded, and now he would see if the general public would still regard him as a doctor in whom they could place implicit confidence, or if they would lay great store by his past and stay away, particularly the poor for whom he bore a devoted interest. So he desired to begin the day with Mass, with profound prayer, with an act of devotion to the God in Whom rested his future and final destiny.

The nurse would have never thought of refusing his request; therefore she agreed to meet him at the church. He arrived there first, waited for her—and, when they entered the church together, he led the way up the center aisle and to a pew very close to the altar. Only a few adults were in the house of worship; not many Catholics ordinarily attend Mass on week-days. However, there were scores of children, youngsters from the parochial school around the corner, and he thrilled to the sight of them. They represented innocence to him, innocence of the kind most pleasing to Heaven, and he mused on the thought that their combined offering at the Holy Sacrifice might move God to grant him a special favor and hold for him the respect he had won amongst those he so long served.

But his thoughts were perhaps less charged with hope and prayer than Martha's. She not only prayed for him, but she also received Holy Communion, offered it for his intention, that he would be renewed in strength and that he would persevere with the same confidence peculiar to him before this last string of misfortunes.

After Mass they stopped a few minutes at a restaurant where Martha broke her fast, enjoyed a morning's repast before their journey to his office. He said nothing about the cablegram he received, nor hinted a new development to his trials, con-

sidered it prudent to be silent until a later hour of the day when his immediate anxiety would be subdued. Now he was concerned with what would greet him at the office. Would there be a long line of suffering humanity? Or would there be but empty rooms to tell of work undone by pitiless publicity.

They drove slowly to the building that stood as a landmark on the northwest side of Chicago, the building in which he maintained his office. They noticed but ordinary activity around it; people went in and out through the revolving doors with the same self-absorption as always. Traffic on the street sped by as though it were unaware that here one man's affairs loomed large. Martha, who was driving, found a bit of parking space between a congestion of cars and trucks, squeezed the sedan into it, though not until she almost tore off the rear bumper from a roadster ahead.

Inside the lobby they sensed their fears were vain. And when they reached the floor of their destination, they lost the last of their misgivings. The hall was jammed with men and women who waited for them to arrive and open the office. Nor were they the curious type come to gape at an oddity in the news. They were the truly sick; the truly lame, the truly diseased and unfortunate who required a doctor. And where could they seek a better doctor than the man who emptied himself in their service, who sincerely tried to amend his former sins, who manifested his courage and disregard of gossip by his efforts to restore Irene when he could easily have shunned the responsibility. They told him that with their glances, with their manners, with their words of greeting—and it was impossible to misinterpret these.

Baxter answered their questions politely as he unlocked the door to the reception room, and Martha soon had the majority of them seated and their turn appointed. But, before the first patient entered the private sanctum, she went there to see how the surprisingly large crowd affected the doctor. He greeted her with the cheeriest smile he wore in a week.

"The other night," he said, "I nearly ceased to believe that God exists. Here the fool is witness to His charity. This work is His work, and I am impressed that He means to continue it. I will do my part, come what may. And I hope you will be glad to share my labors."

"Just you try and fire me!" The nurse returned his smile with a warmth that bespoke her faith in him.

An interruption occurred in their program a little while before noon. A well dressed woman

approached Martha's desk, begged to see the doctor immediately. The nurse bade her be seated, inasmuch as she had just arrived and there were others ahead of her; and, anyway, Baxter at the moment was busy with a patient. But the woman insisted she had an urgent message to deliver, and Martha capitulated, promised her she would be next on the schedule. And so it was that Baxter interviewed a welcome visitor.

"Well, Mrs. Lederer!" he exclaimed as she closed the door. "This is indeed a surprise. What may I do for you?"

"It isn't what you may do, but what is being done," she answered graciously. "I came to obtain your consent to your daughter's marriage to my son."

"I don't know where my daughter is," he said evenly. "She ran off yesterday morning."

"Yes, I know," said the woman. "She told me."

"You know where she is?" Baxter asked anxiously.

"Yes," replied the woman. "She called our home yesterday afternoon, inquired about Bob. And Bob was there. The police found him yesterday morning in a hotel on Clark Street, and they brought him back to us. Anyway, I had my husband talk to her, and he coaxed her to come to our home. She spent the day with us, and the night. And this morning—well, Lloyd took them to have a talk with a priest, and to arrange marriage."

"What's the good of a marriage when the boy probably feels it is against his will," said Baxter, earnestly. "To go through with a ceremony simply because a wrong has been committed is not giving it validity, or, for that matter, God's blessing."

"But he does love her and he does want marriage," said the woman. "We felt sure of that before he ran away from home. But he had become frightened by what I said to him, by my scolding and—oh, Paul, there's no sense keeping the kids apart when they're anxious to be together. Lloyd thinks marriage is the right thing for them, and so do I."

"Why didn't you phone me last night?" asked the doctor. "You could have spared me some worry..."

"I was going to," said the haberdasher's wife, "but Lloyd thought it would keep until this morning. Anyway, he first wanted to have a talk with them. Paul, he gave them a real sermon, and he made them understand exactly what I'm sure you would have made them understand. Bob isn't really a bad boy. Frances can be happy with him. Besides, she needs him more than she needs anyone else, and it's only proper we shouldn't interfere now. I talked with her alone last night, after she

returned from church. Today is the first Friday of the month, and Lloyd had them both go to confession, thought the best way for them to start together and start right would be to go to the sacraments—"

"They went to confession?" Baxter interrupted. "I didn't know you were Catholic."

"I wasn't, but I am now." The woman smiled. "Lloyd and I became converts about fifteen years ago. And Lloyd's pretty strict. Wouldn't miss church or sacraments unless he was very sick."

"I'm very glad to hear that," said the doctor, rising from his chair. "And, from what you say, I'm willing to trust your husband's judgment. If I may so declare it in your presence, I took a liking to him the other day, and I have no doubt but that you married the right man."

"Thank you," said the woman. "I've never regretted it, my marriage, though it did hurt when I sometimes thought of you. Too, sometimes—"

Again Baxter interrupted her. "We'll not grub in the past," he said. "Yesterday's aches like yesterday's kisses can be but an unspoken memory. We went our separate ways, and that's that. What we say now will have no bearing. At any rate, I'm mostly interested in my daughter. If both you and your husband feel that your boy can assume the responsibilities of marriage and maintain her in a position of respect and dignity, as befits a wife, then I am not opposed. Furthermore, I'm willing to set them up in housekeeping, provide them with a few of the world's goods for a start."

"Lloyd has said he will do that," declared the woman. "We're not poor, Paul. Then, Bob being our oldest—well, Lloyd would rather he set them up. If you wish, you could give them a little for a rainy day, or contribute to Bob's schooling. He has pledged he will continue his studies in evening school, and I personally feel he'll be a success yet. He has been studying chemistry, and I do believe he's certain of the goal he mapped for himself."

"Well, Stella," drawled the doctor, "any boy with a mother like you and a father like Lloyd can't be wholly bad because of a single misstep. If you have faith in the boy, I'll share that faith with you. Yes, you have my consent to the marriage. Only tell my daughter to return home and stay with me until her wedding. The priest won't marry them immediately. He'll have them wait at least two or three weeks. I want her home until then. And tell Bob to drop around. I'd like to become acquainted with him, my future son-in-law. And now, if you will excuse me, . . . I . . . I have many patients waiting. . . ."

At one o'clock that afternoon he brought his activities at the office to a close, did so because it was time to relieve Dr. Englebrecht who was at Irene's bedside. The staid and earnest assistant on the case that baffled everyone reported from the hospital at noon that the dancer's condition remained unchanged and that he thought it advisable not to leave her alone, at least not for another day or two. Baxter agreed with him, promised to relieve him as soon as he could dispose of the last urgent case in his office.

It was while Martha drove him to St. Cyprian's Hospital that a new and startling idea flashed through his mind. In a broad sense it was a wild idea, hardly worth an experiment. But it persisted, and, after pondering it from various approaches, he fully resolved to try it. Therefore, before going to Irene's room, he stopped at the superintendent's office and telephoned the largest music store in the city, ordered and begged for immediate delivery their finest machine to reproduce phonograph recordings. He begged also that they send with it a wide selection of discs, especially waltz and symphonic numbers.

In Irene's room he apprized Englebrecht of his idea, insisted on his presence at the experiment. They had tried everything else; they could try this.

"I said the other day," he offered by way of explanation, "that we fight fire with fire, pit germs one against the other—and that we could do the same with emotions. We know emotions are essentially moods, degrees of mind, degrees of feeling. We have been unable to reach her mind, to set up in it a mood to counteract the effects of the hysteria that produced this coma. But yet, that is what must be done. We have tried it by talking to her, by an attempt to impress her with the fact that her cure rests almost entirely with her alone. And we have failed. Failed because we failed to take into account that words, as words, are poor instruments of human expression. But music, doctor, can beget moods that pale the sweetest words, and moods that stab with pain. To create the proper mood, the very right mood, is to set up a strong emotion. And if that music is audible to her, if it can reach her mind, if it can cause her a tortuous and an exquisite pain, so much so that she would want to shriek a protest, we can hope, then, to blast her, figuratively speaking, from this stupor, from this coma, from this state of seemingly suspended animation which is contrary to every proved point of knowledge, the knowledge we deem exclusive to our field.

Englebrecht stroked his scrubby beard, pondered the proposal and thesis. "It may work, and more likely it may not," he said thoughtfully. "I know



music has been successfully used on mental cases in asylums, that it brought about a number of complete cures where disorder was mild. I'm not prone to believe it did much good in cases where the patient's mind was more or less wholly deranged or so subject to hallucinations that all sense of proportion between fancy and fact was lost. I say that notwithstanding the glowing reports we have had from several experimenters in Paris and Vienna. However, this is a different type of case here—unless it should happen that under this coma she harbors a madness we don't understand, or would not comprehend. I'm for trying the experiment, but I beg to remain skeptical. Not all persons respond alike to music. Myself, for instance, I haven't an ear for it, and I couldn't work up an emotion even if I were paid a price."

"Admitted, not all persons are alike," said Baxter. "But, we have to remember this, too: She was a dancer. Music and the physical interpretation of it was her profession, her career, possibly the very spirit of her soul. She had an affinity for music, else she would not have reached the heights of her profession. She, more than any average person, would know how to respond to it. Therefore, I am of the opinion that through the medium that was a component of her particular being, we can hope to succeed where we will fail otherwise. Perhaps we won't succeed immediately, but by repetition and patience we should achieve our end. That, or give up in despair—and I don't propose to despair!"

"Well, nothing succeeds like trying," drawled Englebrecht. "Oh I see the logic of your argument all right, but I can't help feel it's very much of a stab in the dark. If it works, fine; if it doesn't—well, we can be stubborn enough not to admit defeat until she is dead. And, from the beat of her heart, I'd say she'll be a long time dying. Go ahead, bring on your apparatus, and we'll see what we'll see!"

An hour later the scene was arranged for Baxter's experiment. He sat on one side of the bed and Englebrecht on the other, with Irene a pale, living corpse between them. At the foot of the bed stood Martha, breathless, expectant, watching their every move, anticipating their slightest wish. At the head of the bed stood two internes, taking turns selecting discs and playing them on the radio-phonograph placed at the wall to their right. Nobody spoke, though all were of one mind, hopefully eager to see the beautiful woman open her eyes or show any other sign of life.

Englebrecht, who in truth had no ear for music, was totally unimpressed by the exquisite melodies pouring from the instrument; he could hardly tell one song from another. Baxter on the other hand, though he appreciated fine music and could visual-

ize in it the expressions of man's highest ideals, was engrossed with timing pulse, heart and respiration and with watching for the least change; he scarcely paid attention to each new number. Only Martha and the internes, upon whom the sweep of a great drama now marked indelible impressions, joined their hearts to that of the music and were caught in that surge of emotions that knows not tears, nor laughter, nor words, but an excruciating yet painless torture.

They played Sibelius' *Valse Triste*, Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, Carmichael's *Star Dust*, Massenet's *Elegie*, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, three or four Strauss' waltzes, and Wagner's *Evening Star*—all beautiful, lovely music exquisitely rendered by famous symphonic orchestras. And when these were without apparent result and the scene obtained from the disappointed group the somberness of a death watch, one of the internes inadvertently picked up a disc with a number popular among the masses who remembered the musical comedies produced by the late Flo Ziegfeld. It started playing before he could realize his mistake,—Baxter had insisted that only the *best* selections be played—and he stood undecided whether to take it off the machine and put on another or let it run to the end. The number was Irving Berlin's *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody*, and hardly was its first chorus over when Baxter jerked his head. Englebrecht instantly fastened his gaze on Irene's face, blanched as he noticed a pink color rise suddenly to her cheeks.

They were unable to observe what actually happened in the next few fleeting moments. Before they could specifically note any gradual or progressive change, Irene had already opened her eyes and raised her head off the pillow.

"A miracle!" exclaimed Englebrecht.

The internes, forgetting their places and instructions, nearly fell over themselves to peer over the bars of the bed, while Martha, utterly dumfounded, popped her own eyes wide open and, unconscious of what she was doing, made a Sign of the Cross. But Baxter, his composure undisturbed, as though he expected this very miracle they witnessed, simply firmed his grasp on Irene's hands and helped her straighten herself to a sitting position.

"There, it wasn't so hard after all, was it?" He said it as if it were a casual statement of fact.

Irene burst into tears, clutched at his arms, pulled herself to him. "I—I never thought I'd get here," she stammered, sobbing. "I tried and I tried and I just couldn't—oh, it was horrible! I thought I was going to die!" She wove her arms around him, buried her head in his shoulder, wept fitfully.

(Continued on page 108)

"America, it is time!"

Brooding and silent is the desert,  
The horizon clear in brightness;  
Within the hidden oasis  
I hear an eagle cry far off in the silence  
Climbing with grace an invisible stairway  
So joyously, gently and fairly.  
I listen to a Voice in the palm trees  
Above the delicate purl of water—  
A drumming, tremulous accent  
Sweeping into horizons.

Here once, Indians danced, praying for rain  
To the beat of gourd drums, they danced, here  
in the shadows.

Indians fought here, shouting in battle  
And afterward, women tended their moans . . .

There are no Indians now; it was hundreds of  
years

When Visigoths under Alaric, marched into Rome  
Laying in waste the City Eternal  
Raping the glory of Imperial Culture  
Burning collectors of taxes and creditors of Rome  
Who saw their palaces go up in smoke  
Spreading pestilence, the bringer of Darkness . . .  
Rome in Europe, a land of nations disputing  
their borders

Europe between Asia—and westward the Atlantic  
*A SEA OF WATER BETWEEN EUROPE  
AND AMERICA*

America has rivers and forests and mountains  
Cradling giants—the race of the future!  
A land filled with Indians, possessing the desert;  
Indians lived under these palms in the oasis  
Chanting rain prayers, dancing the corn dance  
Fashioning symmetrically beautiful vases  
Praying, singing, finding pleasure in life  
Until they sighted some strangers  
And built a fort on a red clay mesa . . .

Bright with sunlight the desert is silent  
How sharp is the eagle's cry in the silence!  
Centuries after the Indians  
Insects move in the grass by the water  
Singing shrill songs to the purling water;  
Now we live, thinking and praying  
As monks in European monasteries  
Thought and prayed through Dark Ages  
And dreamed, too, of the millenium,  
An Era of Peace . . .

"It was not time . . ."

*INDIANS DREAMED IN THIS BRIGHT-  
NESS  
WORSHIPPING THE LIGHT.  
GIVE US LIGHT, SUN FATHER, THAT WE  
MIGHT LEARN  
THE THOUGHT OF TREES, THE WHIM  
OF FERNS*



"Brooding and is the

## VOICE IN THE HEAVENS PAUL LHE

*WHO ROOT THEIR HEARTS IN GOD  
AND FRAGRANCE EARTH WITH LOVE.*

Men talk about God over coffee, wondering  
Whether the soul leaves the body at death, sudden-  
ly;

They talk of second sight, banshees, ghosts  
Thinking within themselves:

I do not believe in ghosts, but I heard . . .

(Ghosts walk among these palms under the  
moon

Ghosts of Indians, slain in battle  
Wondering why they fought . . .)

Shakespeare men recite, and Cowper;

Browning, too: Fear death? (The fog in my  
throat . . .)

Over coffee men dream, talk poetry

Poems of love and hate, women and flowers  
And dreams in Oriental hills . . .

Where lotus blossoms grow

Ghosts of slain men  
Drift through gardens

ng and is the desert"

# THE DESERT

UL HELM

Picking petals, pink and white,  
Deftly slitting death-filled stems  
And drain pale drops of drug  
For war is rampant over Earth—  
Broken bones and jagged wounds;  
Drugs will ease the pain and fright;  
Fragrances of incense, lotus-sweet,  
Drowsy senses, pleasantries;  
Kublai Khan in rich Pekin  
Plans in dreams a Great Cathay  
Thinking not that all his power  
Can bring life back to one dead man...  
Indians dreamed over this land  
And in their hearts worshipping its brightness.  
Centuries later, above the dunes  
In the pure heat and light of the sun  
How the eagle dips and glides  
Down the walls of the sky!  
O Eloquent Dunes, heaped like clouds  
White in sepulcheric splendor  
Above the jewels of bones

Centuries of conflict, greed and power,  
Germany, France—and England, too.  
This oasis, now quiet, now bright  
Once sounded with shouts and moans  
For we, your heirs,—the presumptuous ones,  
Openers of rocks and tombs,  
Assigns of your bones, flint heads, turquoise,  
We come upon you, O Sons of the Sun  
Remembering that even He,  
Sun Father, is doomed,  
And with Him, sweeps us away into smoke!

\* \* \* \*

Ancient desert peace of God  
That is the soul's eternal hope  
You do not know  
The erosions of love  
Nor melancholy of loss....  
You do not taste Spring's desire  
Nor feel the breath of Death in Winter.  
You do not say: here is night; here is day;  
It is Spring; now Summer is here.  
(Your song was sung by Cheops, when a boy,  
Gazing over sandy plains, dreaming dreams  
Of dustless bones for Egypt's happy dead  
Beneath the quarried stones...in the cool  
tombs).

Timeless Land!  
Indians sang your song.  
Arabs chant it; Riffs shout it:  
You are free!—Forever free!  
Free as that eagle there in the blue!  
Above Earth's deserts  
The sky is filled by those  
Who send aloft their prayer through you:  
Hope lest we die! Beyond this dark, the Light!  
Desert, your quiet is strange under this bright-  
ness.

The eagle is gone now.  
How he vaulted the sky, so graceful, joyously.  
Men have dreamed of flying  
Now he has flying machines, vicious affairs  
Long-nosed Curtis-Wright P-40  
Snub-nosed Pratt and Whitney Double Wasp  
"More than 400 miles an hour...."  
Droning conflict in the air, blood on our hands.  
God! Will wars ever end?

"Men will be gods...."  
Then, no help in the hills?  
"They will crumble...."  
No light to the sun?  
"It will burn out...."  
What of the monks who tried it in Europe  
Creating Light through Ages of Darkness—  
Did He hear them?  
"It was not time...."



Chant *Te Deum* when winds blow  
 Stirring your sandy strings!  
 O Clean Embalmers, press tightly  
 Hills of quartz particles around those bones

But a rock manuscript tells a different tale  
 The story of a vanished race  
 That had an understanding with the hills  
 The peace of quiet valleys....

"It was not time...."

Silent the desert, sinister and close  
 Brooding like an animal waiting to kill;  
 Faint, now, the chirp of crickets in salt grass  
 Silence drumming heavily  
 Quivers a spider web, bright with sunlight.  
 In the brooding quiet  
 I feel the lurch of the universe  
 And the swing of the Earth  
 Hurling itself through space  
 Proving man a particle of quartz in the dunes  
 A whisper of wind in the void that is space.  
 Indians fought here, ambushing strangers  
 And proved there was no peace....

"It was not time...."

\* \* \*

Now, at Reason's solstice, when hate is  
 squeezed  
 Like drops of watery darkness on the Earth

And our New World strives through mists  
 Toward Its Century when Courage and Faith  
 Will rear from out of old doctrines  
 A *DEMOCRACY OF MEN FREE*

Establishing a Liberal Culture  
 That will teach all nations  
*THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN*

Do we clearly remember  
 The *VOICE IN THE DESERT*—  
 We who saw His Peace shredded  
 In lusty Rome of the Middle Ages  
 By Indians on a red clay mesa  
 At Versailles when a Dream shattered....?  
 In His Eyes

Two thousand years are as a moment  
 From that day, south of Bethal.  
 He endured much....

*THE BETRAYAL....*

*THE LONG HILL, HEAVY WITH ITS BUR-*  
*DEN,*

*THE SNEERS, THE NAILS, THE SPEAR,*  
*THE CROSS AND DEATH, SLOW AGONY*  
*OF DEATH*

*THE MOCKING CRIES—*

*THE CURSES AT HIS WORDS—*

*"THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER*  
*AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."*

*"AMERICA! IT IS TIME!"*



## FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

### Wisdom by Another Name

When the elder Tobias thought that he was dying he called his son and gave him some fatherly admonitions. Among the words of wisdom of the aged man there was this injunction: "Always seek counsel of a wise man." If his son would seek advice when in doubt, Tobias felt that he would avoid serious mistakes and that he would make a success of life.

History records that once an old man of 106 years said that he regretted that he was going to die at a time when he began to be wise. You in your teens have a ninety year edge on that man if you but drink of the fountains of wisdom around you. Every time that you seek advice from an older person you are picking for yourself the fruit of years of mistakes, difficulties, and also successes. And besides, there is a lot of fun in being as wise at thirteen as some men are at fifty.

If you seek advice from your confessor he lets you in on a bit of knowledge that he has acquired during twelve years of study. If you seek the advice of your parents in your doubts and uncertainties you will be a man before you are twenty-one. And why shouldn't you seek advice? To do so betrays cleverness, not ignorance.

Sometimes advice will come to you not in appetizing sugar-coated form but on the waves of unwelcome criticism. There is the story of a man who painted a picture and exposed it to public view, while he himself remained concealed behind the picture jotting down every remark of criticism that was passed upon it. He became the greatest painter of his day. If you are repeatedly criticized for something, it is high time to stop closing your ears to the voice of wisdom. Amateurs become professionals by tapping the wires of wisdom.

*Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.*

# The Curious Anomalies of Modernity

*Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B.*



OVER THE marquee of the motion-picture palace there is emblazoned the name of the current hit, "A Sweet Temptation." In the daily paper there appears the screaming headline, "Brave Heroine, Beautiful Mistress of Many a Heart, Commits Suicide." An eminent professor of psychology seated in the lecture hall of a great university, aims blow after blow of trip-hammer logic at immature minds in a morbid defense of sex perversion. Thus the dirty river of sin mingles its filthy waters with the sweet stream of virtue to make up modern life. Ever since the fall of the first man and woman there has been sin in the world; but sin acknowledged as such. It has remained for our own strange age to deny the fact of sin and to propose a philosophy of life excusing it. Modern pseudo-philosophers fairly fly into the face of Christian morality to set the whole moral world topsy-turvy.

Indeed, one can almost smell the blasphemy which arises from the stench of Voltaire's sarcasm as he dips his dirty pen into the ink pot of hell whilst endeavoring to besmirch the fair name of Mary with his burlesquerie. Voltaire mocked Christ and derided him. Hence, he was logically forced to do the same to Mary. Yet we find this same Voltaire gibbering pitifully at the end and pleading for absolution from the Church which he ever styled "the infamous thing." In the light of this one can possibly understand why this man of bitter poisonous genius, but something of a sage, once wrote in one of his innumerable letters, "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent Him."

Perhaps the most eminent proponent of the

modern cult of sin was the unhappy Oscar Wilde. His, too, was a wretched end. Abandoned by all, he finally begged for the last sacraments. The world loved Oscar Wilde's philosophy of sin, but hounded him when he had fallen into the gutter of depravity and was lying at death's door as a result. He was applauded when he advanced the theory with startling epigram that sin is quite all right. It wasn't until the very end that the disillusioned Wilde discovered that the God Who detests sin lovingly receives the sinner, whilst the world which smiles so tolerantly on sin, quickly and intolerantly ostracises a sinner in disgrace.

One cannot but wonder at what can possibly motivate those who deliberately write to glorify sin—Carl Van Vechten and Anatole France, for instance. In the case of Maeterlinck, the motive was most certainly Georgette Leblanc, his mistress. Perhaps most false prophets do try to follow out their sophisms to an inevitable illogical conclusion.

God alone knows how far these false doctrines have permeated modern life. Things have come to such a pass that Dr. Frederick K. Stamm, the radio commentator for the Federal Council of Churches, must complain that when he mentioned sin in a radio sermon, a confrere of his immediately wrote asking why he should deal with such an outworn thing. Dr. Stamm estimates that Protestant rural Churches are closing at the rate of 1000 a year. The people of these churches, together with fallen away Catholics, make up the bulk of the modern pagans who form about 75% of the population of this country. Some few intellectuals, such as Dr. Stamm, himself, seem to be leaning toward the true

Church. At any rate, he says, "I always enjoy visiting a Roman Catholic Church. Many of my fellow preachers like to do the same. We are as Protestant as we can be, but we like Catholic Churches—the architecture, the altar, the candles, the windows, the soft religious light—all create an atmosphere of sanctity."

The wisdom of Holy Mother Church is perhaps nowhere more obvious than in Her refusal to keep her finger on the pulse of the times, to be taken off guard by that which is new, or to bid for evanescent popularity by being "modern." Organizations which try to be in tune with the age soon become outmoded and die with their own generation. An eternal Church girded for a lengthy contest may appear to fall behind the sects which spurt ahead momentarily in the course through this valley of tears. Christ is always with His Church. Hence, whatever is really good in contemporary civilization will be found within the true fold.

St. Thomas Aquinas, a bold, pioneering, intellectual genius, in common with the early Fathers of the Church, was quick to discern the fact that the ancient sages Plato and Aristotle were but pedagogues conducting a pagan world to Christ, the Saviour. We on our part should look upon this "Age of Science" as St. Thomas did the pagan philosophies. For man in the scientific adventures is in reality but seeking his God with an intellectual curiosity that is divinely inspired. Broadly speaking, not all revelation of God is contained in the pages of Holy Scripture. It is written into the whole of nature. Man, teased by the challenge of nature and God, tries to go aloft beyond the horizon to peer behind for the divine mystery. Tennyson sang in prophetic vision:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

And the scientist has fulfilled the dream of the poet.

The scientific world was startled when the brilliant Catholic litterateur, Ferdinand Brunetiere, in 1890 proclaimed science "bankrupt." And, truly, science will be in just such a predicament, unless it becomes a part of the whole and takes its place alongside religion, theology, philosophy, and poetry. The practical Christian does not want to alienate science but to become affiliated with it. The Church does refuse to partake in the pitiable and tragic despondency of H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell and Oswald Spengler, because the Church believes in

the true God Who inspires true scientific progress.

Outside the Church religion has fallen into desuetude. The Modernist abandons it because he considers Dogmatic Theology antique. The Pragmatist rejects it because it isn't practical in a cold business world. The free-thinker severs all connections with it because it tends to anchor his intellectual licentiousness. The sensuous man drops it because it serves as a check on illicit desires and deeds. The superficial thinker disdains it because he thinks it disproved by the findings of the scientist. In short, irreligion has been the boast of our times. Huxley, Darwin and Spencer in England; Marx and Kant in Germany; Renan in France were the icons of their day—and they were most emphatically irreligious. Since their philosophies were revealed to the world, two titanic catastrophies have overtaken the human race. Certainly their ideas haven't saved us from these world wars. Quite the contrary.

In itself human nature is not sufficient. The assumption that man is normal is one of the most egregious errors of all time. It may seem a bit old fashioned and unintellectual to mention such a thing as original sin. Nevertheless, it doesn't require a very keen observer to find out in the test tube of his judgment that the veins of every one with whom he comes in contact have been polluted by a common spiritual poison. Artists may cover their canvases with winsome madonnas, not as they really are, but as they might have been. Our poets may sing of a Utopia free from pain and misery and poverty. But the Little Sister of the Poor dealing with the outcasts of society and the Sister of Charity, going about her errand of mercy in those great palaces of pain we are wont to style hospitals—they can take poem and picture, dream and fancy and supplant them with the sordid prose that is life's reality. Hence, once man is fallen, he is sub-normal through the ravages of sin; there simply must be the supernormal power that is religion to lift human nature ever higher unto God. In short, man must have a doctor and that doctor is the Divine Physician.

Tennyson had a horrible premonition of the ugly possibilities which are actually taking place now due to man's fallen estate. For he

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained a ghostly dew.

"From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Possibly these lines flash through the mind of many a one huddled in an air raid shelter. Christianity hasn't failed man. Man brought on this horrible conflict by turning against his God and following the false tenets of the pseudo-prophets of irreligion.



# Fingers in the Sun

Mary Lanigan Healy

**A**LWAYS it is a grand occasion, the reception held for a newly ordained priest. Friends and relatives come from distances and from the homes of the neighborhood where a lad has been raised, and much there is of shaking hands and kissing cheeks in a proud sort of salutation because of association in a definite way with the elevation of one of the group to the sacred ranks of God.

At the reception of the Rev. David O'Connell, his mother sat at the far and inconspicuous end of the living room. Quietly she sat there, accepting the greetings of those who sought her out, gazing serenely at the clusters of cronies who were talking spiritedly together.

Time and again, a woman of the same age as Bridget O'Connell upon coming into the room would reach out to Bridget and gather her thin shoulders into an affectionate embrace, and as woman cheek pressed to woman cheek, there was ever evidence of the moisture of tears when the two drew apart. But never were the tears of Bridget's shedding. Never did Bridget know that the weeping was for her. Neither today, nor any of the days of all the years, leading to this day, did Bridget O'Connell see any cause for tears for the sake of herself. Rather there was joy and peace and gratitude in her heart and a deep unbelieving pride, oddly blended with humility.

Watching her son in the teeming midst of all who had come to wish him well, the mind of Bridget persisted in traveling back through all the years to the time when this one who was offering blessings today and accepting reverent pressure of lips to his power anointed fingers was the smallest child in the house of O'Connell. Even as she smiled and talked and acknowledged congratulations, she was looking past the tall young man, whose dark hair was slightly mussed in boyish fashion, yet whose severe white Roman collar contradicted that boyishness.

David had been a special sort of baby from the first. He was born to her when her other seven sons were all old enough to be in school and when she herself was almost reconciled to the strange loneliness of a house that has become used to a tiny one kicking in a crib or creeping about a floor. Bridget had missed her babies since they had out-

grown her world of the big frame house and its yard, and she was regretful that she had not managed somehow to give more time to them when she had them there. It seemed to her that there had been too much of rush and haste and hurry and that there might perhaps have been more profit in the pausing to kiss little fists and the stopping to whisper sweet endearments than to all the hectic working. It seemed that they had to be gone just that little bit for her to realize what she had missed, for her to know that the infant days were swift in passing and that no matter how tall and strong her boys might be they would never again exactly fit into the hollow of her arms and shoulders.

It was then that David came to her, just when there was that secret sighing that the dear time was gone without proper appreciation for its beauty. It was then that David came to fill a peculiar need; to answer an indescribable longing. And strangely, in spite of the seven brothers ahead of him, and all of them lusty and noisy in the house about him, David was to his mother as an only child might be.

When they had told her that the child was another son, she had straightway said, "I'd like to call him David."

"David," her husband had said, "David. It is indeed a grand name and it is what he shall be christened."

She was happy with the regal ringing marching sort of sound to it and she had turned and gone to sleep with the thought that the name was sure to suit him.

Because she'd felt she had not taken time enough for joy in her other babies, Bridget was careful to savor the transient sweetness of the infancy of this last. And lest she now regret again, she took care to store away at every opportunity, the kind of memories she would want to ever keep. No matter what she was doing she would put it aside to croon over David and to delight in him and to take cognizance of the rounding of his soft cheeks and to steep herself in the fragrance of his wee self as all warm and dear he sagged against her after an evening bath. She had as much of dusting and mending and washing to do as she'd had before, but

these could not crowd out the rights of her baby: these could not come between the two of them.

She got into a way of praying separately for David, but of course not any more fervently than for any of the rest of the family. It was as though the Virgin Mother was sure to agree that David needed a special sort of care because he was a special sort of baby. And somehow without her ever deliberately making up her mind to the request, Brigid began adding postscripts to her usual petitions and these were to the effect that a call to the holy priesthood would be quite appropriate for David. Somewhat she used to pray like this, confidential like with the Virgin, "Wouldn't it be grand indeed," Bridget would inquire of Mary, "Wouldn't it be wonderful beyond all else if these beautiful, tender little fingers should someday be wet with holy oils, and these darling feet, too young to walk, should perhaps know the strength to make that great step before his Excellency on the altar?"

With that said to Mary, the mother of David would bury her face in the soft shawls and wraps she kept carefully about him. Often these were blue in color, as that is most frequently used for boy children. To Bridget's eyes, open in the midst of soft blueness, there was the expanse of the blessed Mother's lap where her forehead was resting, and the experience was a most comforting and refreshing one, and one which sent her back to household tasks with new strength for the doing.

It was while David was yet small that the accident happened to his father. One morning he went off to work, with the jaunty swing of himself with a full pail of lunch in his big hand, and that same evening he was carried in, injured so he was never to stride that way again. Rather he was to sit, day after day and into the years, at the front window of the house looking out and away in the pitiful manner of a once strong man. It was a sad thing indeed which came to the O'Connells when Mr. O'Connell himself was hurt like that at the mines, but Bridget realized full well that the deepest spot in all the sadness was for her man, and little time she permitted for long faces or doleful airs. Almost at once she admonished the children, "Hush. Hush. There sniffing like babies. Shame on you." And they never dared to forget laughter and smiles in the presence of their father.

The excitement of the accident passed and the neighbors asked one another, "What in the world will Bridget do now, with eight husky lads to feed and that strapping man of hers, confined to a rocking chair?" Bridget herself gave no time at all to wondering but was occupied at once accomplishing what must be done. Outside the O'Connell house

there appeared a mesh of clothes lines as interwoven as the web of a spider and these many lines were ever filled with clothes hung there by Bridget. Garments whipped there on her lines in the sweet breezes of summer when it was a joy to lift a face upward even to pin laundry to a line: they hung there in winter too, taut and stiff, when there must have been bloody chafings on the hands that secured them. Because the lines were always full, so too was the pantry of Bridget O'Connell, and whatever growing boys should have, her boys were given.

Regardless of how many lines were needed for the drying of shirts and sheets and dresses, it was a noticeable fact, that no line ever crossed the space that himself faced as he slowly rocked by his window. Without obstruction the view was there for him, with the hills away in the distance with shadows ever drawing patterns and trees marching against the sky so their green grandeur couldn't possibly be overlooked. But hills and trees and sky, even with sunsets and rainbows to compete, could never bring the light to the poor fellow's face, that the sight or sound of Bridget gave. And it was like that till the end and she was left alone with the boys.

As the lads grew older there were naturally things they wanted and their mother ever helped them. Girls came to their attention and there were smiles and bright words and gay invitations. "Go on," their mother urged, "Be young and have fun," and she'd go on with her washing. They were good boys, every one of them, and they found ways to help her. "Mom," they'd say, "you mustn't work so hard. Let us take care of you." She'd answer, "I'm well taken care of, lads." And wonderingly they knew she was and eventually they went about their own living.

By that time, David had grown to quite a size and brought home frequently a pocket filled with dimes from selling papers on a corner. With startling suddenness he came to her, one day, and said, "If it was so that you could spare me, I'd like to study for the priesthood."

"The question is not whether or no I can spare you, David. The question is does He want you." David threw himself into her arms at her words and tightly, tightly she clasped him there because she knew right then that once her arms were opened again he'd go preaching in the temple. And against the warm feel of his boy self, the heart of Bridget went racing and pounding, and swift though it went it could not overtake the joy in her being. Although it was a matter of years until his ordination, that was when she said fare-well.

So it was with joy and exultation that Bridget

O'Connell walked through all the years, washing and ironing and skimping and scrubbing. Her days were ever full, and she paused in her constant rounds only for that secret storing away of treasure that she had learned to do. All of those things she had now and they would belong to her forever. Small wonder it was that she had no comprehension

of the tears for her the neighbor women were shedding. They were thinking of the clothes lines, thick as spiders' webs, of himself rocking by the window. Bridget, instead was thinking of a baby's hands reaching up in the sun, of tiny fingers glistening as though wet from oils with the sunshine on them.

## Laugh and Taste Victory!

*Angela Burton*

**A**UNT Catherine and I were making play suits for the children when Cousin Helen Adams came tearfully into the sewing room. I closed my machine and served tea in order to furnish an appropriate setting in which Helen could reveal her personal difficulties.

We didn't have to wait long. She took two sips of tea and asked, "Why do the people you love say unkind things to you?"

I glanced quickly at Aunt Catherine in an appeal for her reply to the abrupt question which caught me without a reasonable answer.

Nothing ever seems to surprise my aunt. I have always been reassured by her calm manner and the way she smiles, a smile which comes from her eyes as well as her lips.

She looked gently at Helen and said, "No words are unkind unless you believe them to be cruel. Words are spoken to you and you interpret their meaning. Several factors, other than the actual words, determine your analysis of a conversation. For instance, the tones of the speaker's voice indicate his state of mind and health. Also, the circumstances surrounding an exchange of words are enormous factors in weighing the intention of the speakers. However, the most important factor for your happiness is for you to put the best possible construction on the words and make a reply which will turn the conversation in the direction you wish it to take."

Helen smiled sadly and remarked, "That sounds very fine, Aunt Catherine, but what mental exercises do you prescribe when a husband looks at his fried eggs, shakes his head and says, 'They look like leather, why can't you learn to cook?'"

I bit my lip but our aunt showed no impulse to laugh when she said confidently, "That's easy, Helen. Knowing George Adams from babyhood as I have, there's one best way to answer that ques-

tion. First, admit that they look like leather. Second, get him to tell you just how he wants them fried and, if possible, get him to cook some eggs as an example to you. Third, fry eggs until you learn to prepare them exactly as he wants them."

Helen stared dully at her bread and butter sandwich for several minutes before she asked, "But won't he feel superior if I do that, and won't he just try to advise me on all my cooking and housework? If I give in to him and admit I'm wrong, I feel sure he will impose his ideas more and more upon me. I want to do things my way without interference!"

Our aunt smiled kindly and asked, "You want to be happy, don't you?"

"Of course, I do," Helen replied grudgingly.

"Naturally, you realize that your marriage contract requires that you make a pleasant, comfortable, and healthful home for George and your children. If he failed to provide money for your household expenses, you would feel that it was your duty to ask him to exert himself to the utmost in order that you and the children might have the necessities of life. So, too, he is justified in urging you to fulfill your obligation and prepare food in an appetising manner. Don't be afraid that he will try to control your housekeeping program. If you appear to be eager for his advice and physical strength during his leisure hours, he will soon lose interest in homemaking details."

Compelled to defend her position, Helen showed more spirit when she said heatedly, "Well, he doesn't have to snap at me, does he?"

I closed my eyes as the older voice continued calmly, "His words are not snapped at you unless you admit that they sting. If you wish to be happy you will place a light, gentle, or humorous construction on critical remarks made by your husband."

Helen leaned forward and gasped, "Why, Aunt,



how on earth could I laugh when George said cross things to me?"

"That, my child, is just what you should do! Laugh at yourself because of your own shortcomings and by this act of humility he can be induced to laugh with you; and, when you two laugh together further conversation will continue in a lighter vein."

As if stunned by this last remark, Helen sank back in her chair.

During the pause which followed, I remarked, "I believe my husband has been taking lessons from you, Aunt Catherine. He always gets me to laugh whenever I act cross. I suppose that works very well with adults but I can't see how I could apply a laughter treatment to children in their worst moods. For instance, Robert is beginning to sulk or pout whenever I refuse him permission to play baseball. He is past eleven now and I really must prevent him from forming the childish habit of pouting. How did you combat sulkiness in your children, Aunt?"

"I managed to get them to laugh with me," she answered. "When they were small I would sing a part of a nursery rhyme and use their name in it. As they grew older I would sing foolishly or make silly remarks which produced laughter. When

Jimmy was ten he was as sulky as a mule. I remember how he would pout while drying dishes. I would sing:

'Fifteen men on old Jim's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of pop!

Cokes and fizz water had done with the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of pop!"

"He would turn his face away when I started singing but before I finished the first line I could see from the shape of his cheeks that he was smiling. I would continue with similar nonsense until he turned and laughed with me."

Helen reached for a sandwich and fired the question, "But why did he laugh when he really didn't want to?"

"Simply because the human heart craves happiness and laughter is the natural route to joy," Auntie replied.

A telephone call for Aunt Catherine from her married daughter interrupted our conversation.

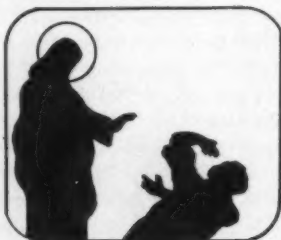
Presently we heard our aunt say, "Holding his breath! Well! Well! Just tickle the bottoms of his feet and make him laugh."

Helen turned to me and said, "Can you beat that? From the cradle to the grave she solves all human behavior problems by making folks laugh when they don't want to."

## GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

### SQUIRMING WORMS



"Foameth and gnasheth with the teeth." —St. Mark 9:17.

THE TREE, bearing the forbidden fruit of which Adam and Eve ate in paradise, has been called by popular fancy an "apple tree," probably because an apple a day—keeps the worms from eating them. Curled up in that tree was a squirming worm, a sly, slimy serpent with green eyes, jealous of the happiness of our, first parents. Satan assumed this form in order to "weave" himself between them and their Creator. He succeeded too well.

The same serpent, jealousy, the green-eyed monster, still worms its way into the apple of peace and the pear of happiness in the home. The boy in the Gospel narrative, possessed by a dumb spirit, foamed at the mouth, gnashed with his teeth, and pined away. This is a realistic picture of jealousy. Because of the good qualities or success of another it is dumb with rage. It is worked up to such a fury that it would like to sink its teeth into its innocent and unsuspecting victim. This monster feeds on preconceived ideas, false suspicions, rash and blinded judgment, slander, calumny, hatred. Milton calls jealousy the "injured lover's hell." An old proverb says: "A jealous man's horns hang in his eyes." The Holy Ghost tells us: "Love is strong as death, jealousy as hard as hell, the lamps thereof are fire and flames."—Cant. 8:6. Every home is intended by God to be a garden of pleasure, not a little hell on earth. To make it the former you must—put out the spark of the hellish flame of jealousy, step on this squirming worm before it gets into your heart.

# Dilapidation

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

**S**PEAKING of vanities that defile the Christian soul, the writer could never feel harsh against young people, especially young women, who are given to the use of paints and lipsticks. This feeling of generosity towards the opposite sex the writer made known to those in his charge when he was pastor of souls, possibly on more than one occasion. Dilapidation, whether seen on buildings or on the faces of human beings ought to be rectified. No need of being a harsh judge in this matter; it must be left to individuals to judge whether their faces need repair of the kind here indicated.

These lines are penned not to watch *dilapidation* of material things, but the dilapidation of one's mind. Fallen away Catholics are so numerous in the United States and elsewhere in this world that, if one contemplates the words of the Savior, "When the Son of man cometh, do ye think He will find Faith in this world," he is unwittingly led to think that it is just possible that we are winding up in this world.

Sitting back in his chair and looking over past years, the writer is inclined to think that he never found a real atheist, that the untold number of atheistically inclined fallen away Catholics must be relegated to those whom the saintly Curé of Ars in his charity defined "Half nerves and half grappin." We are not quite so charitable in our American expressions of the same idea. We say: "half nuts and half devil." "Grappin" is a French nickname for devil.

While the writer does not recall ever having met a real atheist he is aware that it is fairly impossible now-a-days to pick up a daily paper or a book without being reminded that atheism is rampant today. Nor need we be surprised since it is being taught in many of our secular institutions. Not so very long ago an instructor of an eastern university explained "thoroughly" that human thoughts are the physical and chemical phenomena of our chemical apparatus, the human body. His remarks were published in the *New York Times* where the writer

saw them in print. Soon the writer read an editorial in a western paper in which the editor stated: "Whether our human thoughts be of a spiritual or chemical nature and source, that problem only science can solve. So we must wait until science speaks."

How easy it would be for an atheist, who holds that our thoughts are not spiritual, that they are a chemical or physical phenomenon, to restore his dilapidated state of mind and common sense by realizing that if this were true he would not be able to sneeze without running the danger of losing some valuable "chemical thoughts." The apparatus we call the body is out of shape and out of order daily, if not hourly. If that body does not house a spiritual soul the atheist had better watch that he does not cough. He had better examine his cuspidor before the contents be emptied into a sewer, for, it would be too bad if what is so precious in his own mind, the thoughts which he makes known in writings or from the professor's chair of a university, would be relegated to the sewers. A little common sense will tell him that not all that is contained in a spittoon is fit for writing and publication; hence the difficulty that confronts him; he does not know and has no way of determining whether what he teaches in a university or publishes in print may not be mixed up with that which ought to have gone down a sewer, and vice versa.

The human body, which the atheist calls a physical or chemical apparatus, perspires daily through hundreds of thousands of skin-pores. Common sense ought to tell him that he had better examine his shirts before he sends them to a laundry lest some of his precious thoughts be lost, for, since what he calls a chemical apparatus is never in the best of shape, the pores of his skin may emit that which he loves so much, his nonsensical thoughts. He can never have certainty about his thoughts, about his apparatus, for our bodies are well today and diseased tomorrow. With regards to our body's health it is a case of "On again, off again, Finni-

gan"; hence the thoughts of an atheist, as is very plain to him, suffer and are subject to the varying rule, "On again, off again, Finnegan."

How great the dilapidation of the minds of Godless people happens to be is evident from the wreckage of their common sense. Long before the coming of Christ the pagan Aristotle showed to the world that *twice two is four*, not only in the matter of one's pocket-book, but that twice two is *never five* at any time or in any case. Basing his reasoning on this simple principle that twice two is four even in matters of Faith and Religion, Aristotle evolved his natural philosophy and natural theology, showing the existence of God, the existence of the human soul and its immortality, etc., etc. On this system of syllogistic reasoning St. Thomas Aquinas built his *Summa Theologica* and refers to Aristotle more

than once as the master and father of syllogistic reasoning.

Dilapidation! Thou art a curse. Thou camest into existence when it was said most solemnly: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Eut, if thou be a *man-made* article, if the sinful heart of man give way to thee, thou assumest the role of shameful vulgarity. If it were preached from the house-tops that our instructors even in universities direct the attention of our youth to spittoons and sewers, claiming that human thoughts are on the level with the contents of cuspidors, if that were preached from house-tops the teaching of atheism would cease in our schools, for instructors of youth, as ignorant as they may be in matters of Religion, they know, and *distinctly so*, on which side their bread is buttered.

## Swiss University Sanatorium

**E**VER SINCE the days of the great Pestalozzi, Switzerland has laid special stress on education. As a result the entire country enjoys a world reputation for the rare excellence of its public and private schools. With a population of only 4,068,000 Switzerland has seven great universities. In the order of their foundation they are located at Basle (1460), Lausanne (1537), Geneva (1559), Zurich (1833), Berne (1836), Neuchatel (1866), and Fribourg (1889). Other strongholds of learning are the distinguished Federal Technical University in Zurich, founded about the middle of last century, and the excellent University of Commerce in St. Gall (1899).

In more recent times education has even been brought within the reach of persons confined in

sanatoriums for pulmonary tuberculosis. Thus at Leysin, beautifully located in the Vaudois Alps, 4,418 feet above sea level, the Swiss University Sanatorium, opened in 1922, receives Swiss professors and students suffering from curable tuberculosis or a predisposition thereto. The sanatorium is especially intended for the teaching staffs and students of Swiss universities, irrespective of their nationality, but professors and students from foreign universities suffering from the same affliction are also accommodated when there is room available.

The Swiss University Sanatorium was founded by the Swiss universities and the Federal Institute of Technology. Initiator of the project was Dr. Louis C. Vauthier, world known philanthropist and physician, and its present director. The institution contains 50 beds and has been provided with the most up-to-date scientific equipment.

Dr. Vauthier decided to make this Sanatorium a work of co-operative solidarity, and in response to his appeal all Swiss professors and students agreed to pay an annual subscription of 20

Winter proves no obstacle to outdoor markets at sunny Leysin, Switzerland.





and 10 Swiss Francs respectively, to enable the management to keep the daily rate as low as six and a half Francs. This figure includes board, medical attention, treatment by specialists, operations, medicines, X-ray treatments and photographs, also various facilities for study and social amenities. For patients not belonging to the founder-Universities the daily rate is twelve Francs.

By grouping students whose occupations and pre-occupations are of a similar character, the intellectual and cultural side of sanatorium life has been developed, and its influence on the patients is extremely beneficial. Each patient is encouraged to work as much as his state of health permits; treatments benefit immediately by the powerful tonic action imparted by regular work. So beneficial is the atmosphere in the Swiss University Sanatorium that even for those who cannot pursue an activity useful to their individual scientific development the trial of having to undergo sanatorium treatment is transformed into a period of cultural and spiritual well-being.

As far as possible the Swiss University Sanatorium provides its patients with the necessary means to continue their studies and work. This includes professors chosen from the colleges which they previously attended, a library of 13,000 volumes, 180 newspapers and periodicals in several languages, regular visits and lectures from scientists and authors, as well as high class concerts.

The Swiss University Sanatorium equipment also includes Film projectors, lantern slide apparatus, wireless receiving sets and earphones for each bed. Bed-ridden patients are thus able to take in lectures and concerts, etc., given elsewhere in the premises. Available to students are furthermore a laboratory for biological work, also bookbinding and carpenters' workshops.

Since its foundation in October 1922, over 800 professors and students from 42 countries have been treated in the University Sanatorium at Leysin, with eighty

percent of them returning to active life in perfect health. More than 750 scientists, authors and musicians have during these years brought knowledge and cheer to the patients; 110 dissertations have been worked out and 412 examinations prepared. Many students gained a high proficiency in foreign languages during their stay and all greatly developed their general culture.

However, Dr. Vauthier's idealism does not end in this institution. An International University Sanatorium is his dream. He has already accomplished much towards its realization. Among various important donations he has received the promise of the Swiss government for a contribution of half a million Swiss Francs. The government of the canton of Vaud will also give a subsidy, while the village of Leysin has agreed to furnish a splendid building site. Plans for a building of im-



Leysin, Switzerland, in Summer.



Swiss University Sanatorium at Leysin, Switzerland.



Taking a fresh air and rest cure at Leysin, Switzerland.

posing design have been prepared free of charge by an eminent architect.

The Swiss Press Association and the Swiss Broadcasting Society are also giving the lofty scheme their active cooperation. The project is furthermore supported by seven important international students' associations, the League of Red Cross Societies, the International Committee for Intellectual Cooperation, the International Society for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis, also European Rotary.

The International University Sanatorium is to contain 208 beds. Same as the Swiss University Sanatorium it is to enable patients to continue their studies and to place within their reach various social amenities. The institution is to be realized by subscriptions for "founders' shares." Each of these shares, costing 25,000 Swiss Francs apiece, will entitle a subscriber to the permanent ownership of one "bed", and to one vote on the Foundation Board. Governments, large cities, universities, students' associations, philanthropic institutions and private persons are being invited to make their applications for these founders' shares. Smaller donations are, of course, also most welcome.

Building operations will be started when a hundred beds have been subscribed for. Any suggestions or communications should be addressed to Dr. Louis C. Vauthier, Secretary General of the Executive Committee of the International University Sanatorium at Leysin, Switzerland.

## The Gentleman desires Peace

(Continued from page 95)

"Yes, I know the feeling," Baxter said softly. "I once experienced a similar one. But you're all right now. You needn't have any fears. It's all over. Just pull yourself together and you'll be as good as ever in a day or two."

A long silence ensued, a silence broken only by the dancer's sobbing. Finally Englebrecht asked Martha to fetch a glass of tepid water. When she brought it to him, he induced Irene to put it to her lips. The drink steadied her; she was able to quiet herself, notice the others in the room.

"Thanks," she said at length. "I'll never forget your kindness. She turned again to Baxter, fixed her gaze on his solemn countenance. "I'll never forget what you've done for me. Never, Paul; even though you profess you won't have me. I heard, Paul, heard every word you ever said here, and I think I understand."

"Don't try to understand," he begged. "If you

must lock me in your heart, lock me as only a friend, and I shall be grateful. What I have done is hardly a matter for thanks. It is—"

"If that be modesty, leave it unsaid," interposed Englebrecht. He poked a finger to Irene's chin, compelled her to divide her attention. "Young lady, there are fools galore in this world. Don't be one of them." He affected a judicious air. "'Tis better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all. You'll get over it, and without more nonsense. Another year, another love—"

"No, my dear doctor," she answered. "You wouldn't say that if you were as wise as you pretend you are. I'll always love Paul, but—but I'll respect his heart, too, as I respect mine. Paul knows what I mean—and I but want him to remember that, if he ever changes his mind, I'll be wherever he wants me, waiting."

(Concluded next issue)

# The Machine—Friend or Foe?

*Theodore Heck, O.S.B.*

**D**URING the lean years of the depression many people sought to place the blame for unemployment on tools rather than on man. The materials of this world can become a blessing or a curse to many, according to their use or abuse of God's gifts. So it happens that the machine—that mechanical tool invented by man to save, hasten, and lighten labor—has come in for its share of condemnation. It has not failed its purpose, but man has failed in some instances to direct its use in accordance with the laws of supply and demand, with justice and respect for human liberty and decent living conditions.

Let us review briefly some of the ways in which the machine settled down to a permanent place in our society. First we have the field of human labor; the professions, the management and control of production, skilled and unskilled labor, and lastly, services of all kinds. In each the machine in one form or another plays an important role. The professional man must move from place to place rapidly, by automobile, train, or airplane. The offices and laboratories wherein he works and the instruments of precision that he uses came into being through the machine. The management of huge industries as well as of modest shops require mechanical devices in the perfection of their products. The skilled artisan needs his tools, the employees in the office would be at a loss without the telephone, typewriter, adding machine, mimeograph, and numerous other mechanical aids considered indispensable to exact and rapid work. The laborer in the factory blessed the day when the traveling crane, the compressed air drill, and the electric lathe lightened his load. The farmer would not now give up the mowing machine, the corn shredder, the cultivator, nor the tractor. Those engaged in transportation have learned to harness steam, electricity, and gasoline. What would we now do without our trains, ships, automobiles, and airplanes? Again, the service man who cares for our laundry, cleaning, and food supplies, who keeps our radio, telephone, icebox, and furnace in repair lives by the machine, and he blesses it.

Secondly, we have but to look about us on the street, or in our homes, or merely at the clothing that we wear, and we shall find that machinery has been at work for us. It took men to run the machinery that made all these things. It took other men to devise and handle the tools that constructed these machines and to prepare the raw materials from which they were made. Thus we see that man and the machine work hand in hand.

Moreover, we can say that the machine has standardized goods of all kinds, increased their production, re-

duced their cost, simplified man's part in converting crude materials into finished products.

There are other fundamental questions that need to be answered before we attempt to lay the blame for unemployment on the machine—man's real friend. We do not hold that man has used the machine at all times for the good of his fellowman. We shall find that some machinery has been withheld from the common good of all, that some men have monopolized in the production of necessary goods by the use of huge factories and legal protection, that overproduction has at times led to idleness for the workers, that the shifting of industrial plants has caused many people to lose their positions. It is true that we shall find instances wherein men have lost their work because a machine was introduced that eliminated handwork or simplified the mechanical work thereby necessitating fewer hands to control the operations.

While such things may be going on in one place, new industries, new demands, and new processes are calling for laborers elsewhere. What we lack is rehabilitation for our working people. As a mother cannot treat her children like babies when they have grown up, neither can a workingman be successful if he fails to grow up with his growing job. The nature of much of today's work is ever changing. Men must learn to adapt themselves to these progressive changes. The fact is that some fit themselves for these changes while others do not. The former hold their jobs, the latter are replaced. Witness the growing demand for men skilled in up-to-date trades and mechanical ability in the present defense program. There is actually a shortage of man power to carry on the work.

Unemployment is a relative thing. It can be removed not by the removal of machinery, for machinery has come to stay in our civilization, and people need it and want it to stay, but by adjusting the supply and demand for production, by regulating the conditions of labor, by granting living wages to the breadwinner of the family so that money may circulate and more women may find time in the home for building up a Christian family spirit. The elimination of women workers in certain industries will automatically provide more positions for men.

Finally, by building men up to fit them for the newer jobs and by keeping them physically and mentally alert to the changes that mechanical work constantly demands we shall remove much of today's discontentment and unemployment. Machines may indeed be the occasion for much unemployment at the present day, but certainly not the cause of it.





**FRANCE MY COUNTRY**  
Through the Disaster  
By Jacques Maritain

**A** PROUD and mighty Nation lies vanquished! Sold out by its own leaders, manacled to an iron rule it scorns and despises, France still struggles to retain its ideals, to remain true to the best ideals of her past.

In "France My Country" the noted Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain, turns his analytical mind upon the events and circumstances that brought about the tragic fall of his country. His frank disclosures are untainted by political partisanship. His keen judgment is strengthened by his deep sense of spiritual values. He would have us know that Christian virtues still live and dominate the thought of the French peoples. It was not they but their leaders who sought to divorce morality from politics, and so brought about "the consequent political demoralization," a gloomy performance from which the people retreated in "deep scorn."

Maritain faces the bitter alternative of the Franco-German armistice, the terrible realization of brute force wielded by Nazi conquerors. He makes plain that France is being forced to collaborate with a military plan it abhors. It is betrayed by her own representatives, its spiritual life choked and poisoned by the doctrines of the new ideology.

The French have long been lovers of liberty, freedom of speech and

thought. For them enslavement brings the greater disaster. If fascism is actually forced upon them "the scope of this political disaster would be infinitely greater than that of Russian, Italian, German or Spanish totalitarianism."

The postscript that has been added to this English translation from the original French version, covers the period from last November to this April. It sheds no brightness on the ill-fated country and adds little hope for the future. But the writer pleads for trust: "We know that in this very loneliness, with no hope but in its own laborious poverty, pared to the naked flesh, the French people deserve more than ever our deep-rooted trust."

**SAYS MRS. CROWLEY**  
**SAYS SHE**

By Doran Hurley

**T**HERE was an old lady who did not mind being thought old," writes Father Talbot, S.J., in the preface of Doran Hurley's new book, "for her spirit always remained fresh and young, while her wisdom and her positivism always appeared to be immemorially old." She was to be found among your Irish neighbors, in the grand manor-house or in the humble cottage at the cross-roads, in Greenwich village or any of the early day parishes of this country. But she is passing on with the rapid tempo of our day. "What with Ireland now called Eire and most of the young colleens staying at home, and no gold to be

picked up wherever you looked in the States, we are missing the old lady more and more."

But Doran Hurley has kept the old lady safe for all time in the three books he has given to her. We first met her in "The Old Parish" and we had a jolly, fine time with her in "Herself" and now we meet her again in "Says Mrs. Crowley Says She." Here Mr. Hurley has her discuss a number of subjects of timely interest to all Catholics. She has some very definite ideas on Church Manners, Lent, The Church Universal, Ireland, Libraries, Sermons, Voting, Religious Hatred, Things Historical, Christmas, Fifth Columns and Her Day.

Mrs. Crowley's discussions are never dry. They are witty, salty and pregnant with good old fashioned common-sense, firm faith and deep patriotism.

**MISSION TO THE NORTH**

By Mrs. Florence Jaffrey Harriman

**O**F ALL the victories that have been won by the Germans none has so mystified and puzzled the world as that of Norway. The former American Minister to Norway, Mrs. Harriman does not clear up the mystery but she does give an accurate account of her life and experiences in Norway and the first news to the Legation that the Germans were moving toward Oslo. This was on April 8th. Even then the peaceful little country refused to consider invasion. There must have been those who knew the real intent of the Nazis, there must have

been men in key positions who were working in accord with the invaders but to the foreign ministers and the people themselves there was only one conclusion: the Germans were going out to meet the British. "I cannot recall a single diplomat that day, who even suggested that we ourselves were in line of the coming battle." But on April 9th the author and her staff had fled.

The principal portion of Mrs. Hariman's book is concerned with the early workings of the Administration and her diplomatic experiences after she was appointed to Norway in 1937. That she won a real place in the affections of the Norwegian peoples and proved herself brave, loyal and understanding has been acknowledged by many famous refugees of Norway now in our country.

"Mission to the North" is a sprightly, entertaining narrative explaining in so far as possible one of the greatest of all the enigmas of the present world struggle.

#### THE QUINTS HAVE A FAMILY

By Lillian Barker

THE WORLD'S best loved babies are usually thought of quite apart from their family. Medical and government prudence deemed it best that the five little girls be separated from their parents. The case of the mother particularly, has gained her wide sympathy from other mothers, but the real story behind the colorful newspaper accounts remained untold.

A famous Catholic, New York journalist, Lillian Barker, has been visiting the Dionnes these past seven years. Her sincere kindness and sympathy broke down the barriers of reticence and Mrs. Dionne gave to Miss Barker the confidence she had refused to all other reporters. The result is "The Quints Have A Family" is the true story of Elzire Dionne, her conflicts with the Doctors and nurses, her problems and grievances. The writer has tried to be very fair. She understands and explains the hopes and fears that would beset a true Catholic parent who looks with perplexity toward the future of her five little girls, girls upon whom the white flares of world publicity and interest are constantly turned.

You will like this new and happier view of the famous family even though at times it is somewhat sentimental.

#### BACK TO CHRIST

By the Most Reverend John J. Swint, D.D., L.L.D.

Bishop Swint has summed up the principal teachings contained in that first, most wonderful Encyclical of the present Holy Father *Summi Pontificatus*, under six headings, with extensive quotations from the Encyclical and comments. The subjects treated are *Christ the King*, *Christian Solidarity*, *The Enemies of Christ and Civilization*, *Church and State*, *Education*, and *Our Mission in the World*. All these are exceedingly timely subjects and clearly treated. The Bishop has included the entire Encyclical, with paragraphs numbered, so that the text may be easily referred to, or the entire Encyclical may be read. Price 75¢. Order from the Church Supplies Co., 2129 Market Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

#### THE CHANTS OF THE VATICAN GRADUAL

By Dom Dominic Johnner

Prayer is as largely of the essence of chant as is music. The two elements combine so closely that the law of prayer becomes the law of song. During the Renaissance, however, a secular spirit infiltrated itself into the Church and brought with it a definite decline in the vitality of the Christ-life. The emotions of man were no longer a means to an end but became an end in themselves. As a result, Church Music to a great extent lost the spirit of prayer as one of its essential elements and was considered as music only. With a view to restoring music to its high role in the Christ-life and of making it an integral part of the liturgy (whence chant took its inception), Pius X, wishing "to renew all things in Christ" issued a *motu proprio* on the reform of Church music. In it he declared Gregorian Chant to be the official chant of the Church. "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in movement, inspiration and savor, the

Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with the supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple." The same Pope characterized his *motu proprio* as the "juridical code of sacred music," and imposed "its scrupulous observance on all."

Gregorian Chant is a means to translate into the language of love the sentiments contained in the language of the text—it fits an intellectual concept with a prayerful form of music. Unpopularity of unisonous chant is due not only to the fact that it is possibly rendered in an inartistic manner, but also because unfamiliarity makes it monotonous and quite beyond comprehension. But once a clear idea of its aims and true meaning has been attained, once prayerful and artistic rendition accomplished, Gregorian Chant becomes a thing of life and beauty and joy.

Although *The Chants of the Vatican Gradual* has a certain technical aspect, the author has for all practical purposes included in his Introduction that minimum knowledge of Gregorian Chant necessary for the student. Musical notation has not been included in the volume. In parallel columns are given the Latin and English of each text under consideration. The work includes all the Sundays of the year as well as such feasts of the Saints as are to be celebrated even though they fall on a Sunday.

Price \$4.00. Order from St. John's Abbey Press, Collegeville, Minn.

#### THIS MONTH'S BOOKSHELF

*France My Country*, by Jacques Maritain. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Price \$1.25.

*Mission To The North*, by Mrs. Florence Jaffrey Harriman. Published by Lippincott, Price \$3.50.

*Says Mrs. Crowley Says She*, by Doran Hurley. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Price \$2.00.

*The Quints Have A Family*, by Lillian Barker. Published by Sheed & Ward. Price \$1.75.

#### PAMPHLET

*Do You Remember The Dying?* by Rev. Joseph Kreuter, O.S.B. Published by St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. Price 10¢.

# Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

The bees of temptation will come after us, buzz around us, and annoy us. They will try to extract the honey of goodness from us and thus despoil us of our spiritual treasures. They seek to sting us fatally. These bees crash the gayest parties; go riding in our automobiles; they swarm in places of vice; one must be always on guard against them.

*It is of great profit for a man to meditate daily on eternal truths and to ponder how this present life will bring to fruition his vast spiritual potentialities in this life and in the life to come.*

The promised fat political plum sometimes turns out to be a dried prune when it is delivered.

*Common sense and a sense of humor are great helps to sanctity.*

The emergencies of charity often mean a sacrifice of long cherished desires and well-laid plans, which doubles the value of the sacrifice if we go ahead and make it.

*The only one that you can successfully exact perfection of is yourself.*

Suffering is a participation in the mystery of God's love for us.

*If one invests in humility the final dividends are higher than the investments of pride which soar to the sky only to end in eternal bankruptcy.*

The Bread of Life is the Holy Eucharist; the Word of Life is the Sacred Scripture.

*Each Saint has a secret key to the Gate of Heaven and a study of the life of each Saint reveals it. For some it was the Divine Presence, devotion to the Holy Eucharist, a life of great sacrifice; for others it was devotion to Our Lady, great love of God, charity, repentance.*

Do not forget that prayer, your prayer, plays an important part in the plans of Divine Providence. It is wrong for you to say that you will not pray for something because if God wants you to have it, you will have it whether you have turned to prayer or not. For there are some things that God wants you to have, but He also wants you to pray for them before He gives them to you. Heaven is one of those things.

*Those who are young in the striving for spiritual perfection are the raw materials from which the Saints are made.*

"Marry your own" is not only a command but also sound advice proven by centuries of experience. Misfortune fell on the Chosen People in the Old Testament who chose wives from among the pagans, for they followed their spouses into idolatry. Solomon is another tragic witness to this truth, who in spite of his great wisdom was led by wives from pagan lands into false worship. For a man leaves all things and cleaves to his wife and the things she desires, and if she is not of the flock she leads him astray. A wife is the shepherdess of a man's soul.

*Only one thing is necessary and that is one's own spiritual life, one's own soul's salvation.*

Do you ever get tired of being just mediocre? Why not make a positive and a definite effort to make your life count spiritually? The first step is to frequent the Sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist. Attend Holy Mass with understanding by using a Missal. Grace, the life of the soul, can be had in abundance from these two sources. If you have already made this first step, seek the advice of a learned spiritual guide, a priest, to give you further instruction and aid.

*Let one who commits mortal sins reflect that mortal means deadly, fatal. A mortal sin is fatal to the soul. It is the death-blow to the spiritual life and severs the bonds of friendship with God. No prize or pleasure obtained by mortal sin is worth this too costly price.*

Age and experience give us the wisdom that makes us see the folly of the ways of our youth.

*There are times in a man's life when he needs solitude in order to regain the true slant on life. It is a wise man that prevents this defect to his vision by seeking solitude periodically and spending time in purely spiritual pursuits.*

## Are You Moving?

My old address —

..... Street  
..... City ..... State

My new address is, or will be

..... Street  
..... City ..... State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana



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